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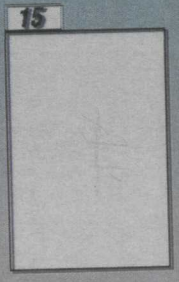

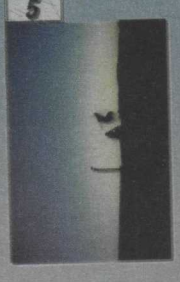
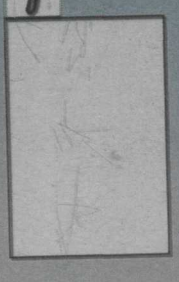

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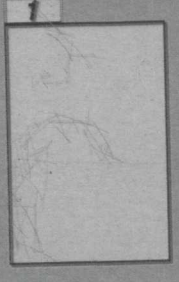

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JULY 16

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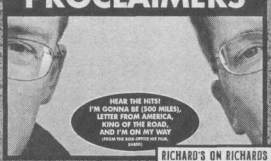
THE PROCLAIMERS



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SONAR
66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

WEDNESDAY JULY 3
MASTER T'S REGGAE VIBES OFFICIAL ALBUM RELEASE PARTY @ GRANDE
DJ Dave Campbell (Toronto) catering the R&B, hip hop and reggae flavours. Master T's in the house LIVE hosting the release party for his brand new CD. Plus DJs GMAN, P-LUV and PHYSIK. NEW SUMMER HOURS ON WEDNESDAYS - Doors 8pm/Cover $7.00

THURSDAY JULY 4
SOUNDPROOF presented by 1200LBS Productions and levelworld.com
Hip hop in the main room feat. MAT THE ALIEN, KILO-CEE, DJ PUMP, U-TERN & LAYZ. D'n'B in room 2 with ADAPTEK & ILL-ESHA. Doors 9pm/$7.00 Advance tix on sale at Bassix, Futuristic Flavour and FWUH

SUNDAY JULY 7
TECHNICS DMC 2002 VANCOUVER ELIMINATIONS - ALL AGES SHOW!
Presented by 1200LBS Productions in association with Ecko Unltd. and The Beat 94.5FM Featuring: MOKA ONLY (Battleaxe) & MAT THE ALIEN (CircaFootwear, www.c1rcapresents.com). Hosted by DUV GRAY (1200lbs Productions) & MOTOE (Silent Fist Records). Plus check the "WHO IS #1" Circa B-Boy Competition. 10 of the best turntablists on the West Coast battle it out - all trying to stop G-NIUS from three-peating! Doors 2pm/$15 Advance tickets are on sale now at Ticketmaster

MONDAY JULY 8
THE METALHEADZ TOUR 2002 featuring GOLDIE, DOC SCOTT and MC RAGE
GOLDIE whose last show sold out steps up to the plate once again this time with labelmates, the one and only 'King Of The Rollers' - DOC SCOTT alongside MC RAGE. Plus Sunday Sessions' residents, WOOD, SILENCE and LINK. The return of the Metalheadz...presented by Drivethrough Productions in association with the Sunday Sessions Crew. Doors 9pm/Advance tickets on sale now at Boomtown and Bassix.

MONDAY JULY 15
DEEP DISH (Yoshitoshi Recordings, DC)
Dubfire and Sharam, better known as the Grammy award winning DJ/Producers, DEEP DISH are here to throw the house down. The "Yoshiesque" duo from Washington stop by for their Sonar debut. Another Sonar classic, not to be missed. Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

TUESDAY JULY 16
STAND OUT OR GET OUT TOUR featuring BABY BLUE SOUND CREW (T.O.)
Dr. Pepper presents Canada's bounce masters, BBSC. Check Kid Kut, KLC, Singlefoot, and C-Boogie as they partyrock like no other. The ONLY way to get into this exclusive VIP event is to win tickets. Goto www.sonar.bc.ca, or www.thebeat.com for more info and contest details.

THURSDAY JULY 18
DIRTY 2
The second edition of DIRTY THURSDAY presented by Aggressive Promotions. LIVE underground hip hop MCs and DJs all night! Tons of giveaways from the dopest sponsors. Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

SATURDAY JULY 20
LAS VENUS @ INSIDE
Join the lovely Cotton (House of Venus) alongside special guest hostess, JOAN-E for a Pre-Pride Extravaganza. Featuring All You Can Eat, Carlotta Gurl, The Venus Girls and a fashion show by Jezebel. Plus resident DJs Dickey Doo & Todd Omotani with the housey cuts. Plan B upstairs in the lounge with Clarence and his Soul/Jazz Crew. Franc Logik warms it up from 9 - 10. Doors 9pm/$10.00 Advance at Little Sisters, Obstruction and Sonar (no s/c)

MONDAY JULY 22
DANNY HOWELLS (RENAISSANCE/GLOBAL UNDERGROUND, U.K.)
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SATURDAY AUG. 3 - **PRIDE INSIDE 2**
THURSDAY AUG. 8 - **LEE BURRIDGE**

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7 inch

by Bryce Dunn

Summer's here and the time is right—not for breaking into a Supremes number, but for giving you our latest 7" scoops good and proper. First on the agenda is, well, **THE AGENDA!** They're a group out of Georgia who definitely have what it takes to start a panic on the dance floor. On the A-side, "I Want the Panic," they do updated R&B-infused punk à la **The Mooney Suzuki** or **The Make-Up**. The flip, "50,000 Watts Of Love," drives home the party platform of hip-shakin' rock and roll and makes these guys a band to keep an eye on. (Kindercore, PO Box 461 Athens, GA 30603 USA).

Hip-shakin' is certainly something **THE SCAT RAG BOOSTERS** bring to the party on their latest *Sidetracked* EP. Even though the songs were recorded in 1997 and 1999 respectively, I suppose it doesn't really matter considering the scorchers laid down here. "Something For You" and "Tarzan" show the SRBs' affinity for crazed '50s rock and rollers like **Hasil Adkins** or **Jack Starr**, yet with their two-guitar-no-bass attack it also brings to mind dearly departed contemporaries of the style like

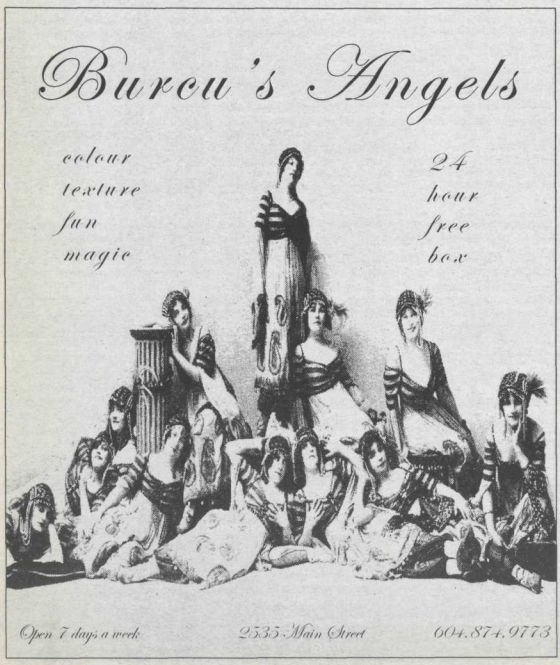
The Oblivians or **The Revelators**. "Sidetracked" and "I Long For My Woman" are more blues influenced numbers channeling the spirits of **Willie Dixon** et al., particularly the slower tune "I Long For—". Look for more stuff to materialize on an upcoming compilation from Sympathy For the Record Industry, and if you're still together, guys, please come to the West Coast, all right? (Zaxxon Virile Action, 1816 East 3rd Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5N 1H2).

THE GET HUSTLE just paid a visit to our coast, and easily enough for them considering they're only from Portland. You may have even seen them and picked up their most recent waxing of a **Bo Diddley** classic ("Who Do You Love") which receives an interesting treatment of **Melvins**-y trademark jagged, heavy bottom end alongside of releases that span a pretty diverse section of the musical talent pool.

First there's **MIRAH**, (we've spoken about her in a previous column), who returns with a collection of songs recorded between 1999 and 2001, mostly acoustic fare, (switching between guitar and ukulele), sung with softness and subtlety, but all eschewing some quirky personality. On the track "Dreamboat," she gets a little randy with her lyrical content and on "Lone Star" the sound of hands sliding on strings takes on an additional melodic undercurrent.

Secondly, there's the party collective known as **GENE DEFCON**. Originally this began as a fun offshoot of '70s-inspired new wave from like-minded Olympia scenesters **The Bangs**, **The Primadonnas**, and **Tight Bros From Way Back When** among others, but has since dwindled down to just Gene Defcon himself and his mystery partner. The four songs on this EP punk up the kitschy party with punchy keyboards, shout-a-long backups and danceable grooves and come with titles like "Baby, Hallelujah," "Pick Up The Party," "Come Party With Me," and the pseudo-funk of "Only A Man-Girl." If Gene Defcon is Olympia's #2 Party Band, as stated on the inside of the record, who on earth is number #1?

And finally, a compilation of Minneapolis bands completes the Modern Radio roster. This record appears to be the first in a series, part of the label's attempt at profiling the great talent of the region. **AMP 176** and **THE HIDDEN CHORD** kick off side one, with both bands tipping the proverbial hat to Minneapolis' favourite sons **Hüsker Dü** (*Warehouse Songs And Stories* era, mind you). Crunchy guitar leads the charge on these two mid-tempo numbers, while side two perks up a bit with **THE FORTY FIVE** mixing early **Joe Jackson** power pop with mod-punk **Jam**-inspired songcraft on the track "Take Action." **THE SELBY TIGERS** (another previous column attendee) clock in at just over two minutes with "Pomona," a speedy pop-punk number with trade-off boy/girl vocals and a sweeping organ to fill the choppy guitar gaps. Overall, not a bad way to check out the scene without leaving the comfort of your living room. On second thought, now that you're done reading, get outta here and enjoy the sun, boyo! (PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408 USA) •



Local Music Directory!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the people and businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is August 15, 2002

Send your vital statistics in by fax or email:
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fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

Rock and roll is dead because everyone who made it choked on their puke and died. Or maybe they turned their arms blue or the sides of their skulls red. Or maybe they just turned old.

Rock and roll is boring. If you asked someone how the last show they went to was, the best they could say was that "It was pretty crazy. The lead singer got totally out of control and got his white pants a little dirty." No one poos on stage anymore. There's no excuse for that. It's bullshit, I tell you. BULLSHIT.

Let me suggest some on-stage antics that could liven up even the crappiest rock band. During the slow song, the lead singer could cut off her toenails in her beer and drink it. The drummer could piss on the hi-hat as part of his drum solo. Or, I like this idea the best, the lead guitar player could play slide guitar with his erection!

Rock and roll needs more erections. I don't mean backstage groupie erections. I mean real live on-stage erections. I don't know what it feels like to have an erection, but I'm guessing if you're singing or playing bass or something, it could feel like it's in the way. Maybe it's even uncomfortable. Maybe it's have been around forever, you know), but pretty soon, once the on-stage erection is as common as cleavage, people will be saying "This band sucks! Where are the erections?" Cock rings

ROCK AND ROLL NEEDS MORE ERECTIONS

equivalent to the feeling some women get when they get banged in the face by their gigantic knockers while running to catch the bus.

I guess it might be difficult to keep an erection the entire show, especially when everyone's looking at you like you're a creep, or if you're thinking about the *music* or something. I say get your mind back in the gutter! Rock and roll needs hard-ons! The key here, is that after a few years, people will get used to the on-stage erection. I'm not saying that it'll lose its charm (boobs, for instance, will soon be more popular than leather wristbands and white belts.

I am willing to bet that the next true rock and roll legend will die of Priapism. That is the condition where the penis stays erect for too long and the blood is not circulated throughout the rest of the body. That is bad. Just like drug addiction, alcoholism, and suicide. But who cares? Rock and roll is in need of some inspiration. Drink up, shoot up, and get those cocks up. But don't kill yourselves yet. At least wait until you've recorded a good album. •

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strut, fret, and flicker

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

RADIX Lifestyle Theatre
The Swedish Play
Thursday, June 6
IKEA Richmond

I've been carried off by Radix too often to believe that the grand masters of site theatre are losing their touch, but for the first time, the company seems to have been defeated by its surroundings. Either that, or it needed a completely different approach to setting a piece about our relationship to consumer culture within IKEA's big-box blandness.

The Swedish Play claims to examine the nature of desire, the future of theatre and our search for "home" against the backdrop of "IKEA's ready-made worlds." Understandably, some conditions must have come attached to the super-corp's permission to use its store, but it needn't have been concerned. Nothing short of swinging a machete at the merchandise could have ruffled the benign calm of the place. It felt impenetrable, and needed to be infiltrated very slyly in order to shake loose the kind of theatre at which Radix usually excels. Instead, the company opted for a polite neutrality which came off feeling clunky and strained when it wasn't being annoyingly obscure.

Before setting off on a guided tour, each audience member chose either Comedy or Tragedy and was given a headset tuned to the appropriate channel. Our tour started well enough. Swinging through the office furnishings section, we passed two ridiculously large photographic prints of the pre-9/11 World Trade Centre and our guide commented that this was our first tragedy of the evening. Thereafter, things got a bit laboured as the promised "invisible theatre" became all too visible. The actual shoppers didn't look especially fucked up by consumerism, but the performers behaved like anxious acting students trapped in some stalled improvisation exercise. They dashed around measuring the same things over and over; a young woman threw a tantrum with plush toys in the childrens' bedroom department and a couple had a loud, pouty row in a model kitchen before going off to stare at a blank, 50" TV screen. Particularly grating was a cell phone conversation between our guide and his girlfriend about what brand of soymilk to pick up on the way home. Yawn. Of course there was a message in all this, but I kept thinking that there were bigger fish to fry and subtler ways of frying them.

The actual shoppers didn't look especially fucked up by consumerism, but the performers behaved like anxious acting students trapped in some stalled improvisation exercise.

When we passed a bed occupied by three women, mewling and waving catatonically, I finally recognized the Radix that I know and love. The tableau recalled a scene from one of their past shows, in which performers wearing vintage bathing caps and swimsuits were buried waist-high in the ground. It's the kind of thing you only have to look at and your guts do the rest. At this point, I decided that the show could have worked better as a gallery tour with disturbingly animated exhibits.

What came through the headset was at times very engaging, but at others, sounded like arty waffle. Even the good stuff didn't so much enhance the tour as distract from it. (I was blissing our on Arvo Pärt and snatches of Mahler's Third when apparently, I ought to have been paying attention to our guide.)

There were a few clever link-ups— such as a reading of the Bible's *begat* section as we lay on the beds, and a sentence in German whose meaning depended on whether we were in the bedroom or the kitchen. I also liked the sudden statement: "The landlord always wins," but this nastier aspect of home wasn't explored.

A programme note advised us that the show probably wouldn't be "an indictment of the corporate paradigm." And why not—while we were in the neighbourhood? A few gentle, oblique pokes in that direction would have been a lot more satisfying that all that hammering away at trivia.

On the evening I'd intended to stay in and write this, I skived off to the cinema instead and saw *Songs from the Second Floor*—a Swedish film, as it happens—and couldn't help noticing how the filmmakers dealt with uniformity in their own society. Absurd, outrageous and deadpan, the film said volumes about how our sanity and sense of home are affected by corporations and consumption. In the end, perhaps *The Swedish Play* just wasn't Swedish enough.

THE PLUGHOLE

How to reconcile a love for going to the cinema with the need to inhale summer evenings? Chose your venues carefully, avoiding those which require escalating between floors or traveling along corridors. Make sure the lobby has a view of and immediate access to the street. Avoid multiplexes at all costs. This simple Feng Shui should ensure that you remain aware of the world outside at a barely conscious, but still important level. That narrows the field to about five— and of course **The Blinding Light!!** makes the cut. Some suggestions for this month...

On July 4, there will be a chance to see what European animators were doing in the aftermath of Disney's *Fantasia*. Beautiful to look at and trippily soundtracked, 1973's ***The Fantastic Planet*** is a French/Czech coproduction whose sci-fi tale of a race of big guys subjugating small ones should have renewed allegorical relevance in 2002.

Rockaction! continues with a new batch of commissions from film and video artists invited to make a filmtrack to any song—without blundering into that Rock Video thing. This time, the talent includes some high-profile cameras wielded by the likes of Oliver Hockenhull and Mike Hoolbloom. See ***Rockaction! 2*** on July 17.

Local videographer and filmmaker **Flick Harrison** has gone through the cupboards and collected material from his 10 years as both auteur and hired gun. Some of his documentary assignments alone sound fascinating and he's also going to leak us a few scenes from his first feature, *Longshot*. But the real gobsmacker could be his latest short, *The Victory Party*. I attended the last few hours of the shoot and still don't know if it was excessively relevant or relevantly excessive. Had a fabulous time, though. See it all in ***Flicks by Flick*** on July 25. •

VIDEO IN STUDIOS

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DJ Profile

Daryl Wener
Wener's Barbeque
Mondays, 5:00–6:00PM

Sport most talked about on your show:
Unfortunately I'd have to say hockey. I say unfortunately because it's very unoriginal. We do talk about nothing a lot of the time, and we love to discuss sports gambling. Wrestling used to be a big thing, but not so much anymore.
Most memorable game:
I was 10 years old when Kirk Gibson hobbled off the bench to hit a home run and win game one of the 1988 World Series for my lifelong favorite team, the Los Angeles Dodgers.
The worst game ever:
One rugby game I called definitely takes the cake. I was hungover and I showed up at the stadium unprepared but figured I'd be okay because there'd probably be 50 people at the game. Well, there were about 4,000 and people could hear me, and were shaking their heads at some of my calls.
Pitcher UBC's Jeff Francis will most resemble in 10 years:
He's a lefty, and I can't really think of one. Not Randy Johnson, not Tom Glavine, or Jamie Moyer. At best a left handed Mike Mussina, but that's asking a lot. I see Jeff Francis being a Paul Abbott. Maybe a little better. A guy who wins 13 games a year, and tops out at 17, 18 one year.
Best interview:
George Shea, the head of The International Federation of Competitive Eating. I also got a great minute out of an in-character Honkey Tonk Man.
Worst interview:
I interviewed CFL quarterback Danny McManus while drunk. I didn't have a clue. Didn't even know what team he played for. It's also one of my favourites. That was a fun one.
Athlete you'd most like to marry:
Martina Hingis. I actually got to meet her, but she didn't seem that interested in me. It would be awesome to be a WTA tennis player's husband. If you find someone, email me at lookingforwomenstennisplayertomarry@hotmail.com.
Favourite show on CiTR:
Maren's show, *Stand and Be Cunted*, when her and Kitty get out of control.
Strangest phone call while on air:
One time, and I say one time, a girl who sounded good looking called and said she'd take her top off to win the prize. We said sure. •

radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

O CANADA!

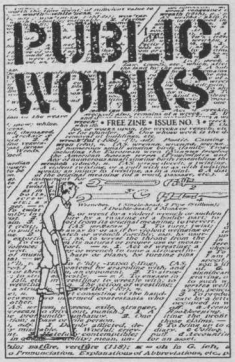
I took my Canadian citizenship test yesterday and, barring any bureaucratic snafus, aced the sucka. In the process of making the big decision, there'd been a series of final-straws and outrageous scandals that have led me to believe that my homeland (USA) is essentially no longer in existence. I mean sure, the USA was kinda fucked up before, but I held out some hope for a while. That was until the current administration in power actually scrubbed thousands of minorities off the voting rolls, declared war on everyone but the country that attacked it (Saudi Arabia), gutted the constitution, and, to top it all off, got applause from most of the country. I thought the Democrats might fight for some justice—but no, they won't be seen criticizing a popular (shudder) president. All those reasons were plenty but what really scared me was the prospect of having to travel with a US passport. No thanks, man. O Canada! You've got your problems but you're no USA. Yet.

Interestingly enough, my good friend Dave Hatton (whom I met in Canada) decided a while ago that he wanted to move to the warmer and more prosperous life in California (come back, come back). Dave's former zine *Corvid Review* was a well-written literary thing which came out sporadically over the last, uh, five years? Something like that, anyway. While that project seems to have been put on the shelf, Dave's new small periodical is called *CARRION CROW*. Issue #4 just made it to my mailbox recently. From issue one the main topic has been "Driving California" as this seems to take up so much of his time these days. The well-paced and thoughtful writing always sheds some valuable wisdom and inspiration from Dave's carefully examined, Zen-like life. *Carrion Crow* might even offer an exhaustive review of a live show (Modest Mouse, etc.) or, as in this issue, a lengthy look at *Apocalypse Now Redux*. I miss Dave, but this is the next best thing to being there. (2087 Pleasant Hills Road, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523 USA)

Wandering around downtown I ran across a free "BC Monthly" called *TOOT*, and this appears to be issue five. Now while I'd have to get an expert opinion on the quality of these humble poems, I can't argue with the price of the thing. Basically what we have is three pithy paragraphs per page, and some black and white photos thrown in toward the back. Not sure what it all means, but it's always interesting to see what you Earth people will do to make contact. Contact Toot at PO Box 48884, Bentall Station, Vancouver, BC V7X 1A8.

Really, some of you kids are just too generous, for in my paws is another free installment of the culture-jamming zine *PUBLIC WORKS*. In this small zine are several creative ways to make a point or get dingbat shoppers to think about the shit they eat or the veritable slave labour that made their comfort possible. More than relevant in a world that kicks the poor and weak then calls dissent violence. Instead of lashing out in non-productive ways, perhaps we could learn some interesting ways of subverting the mechanisms of the class-war mongers. <publicworks_vancouver@hotmail.com>

Some people have suggested that great scenes are created out of dire need. This may be the case with some exceptional zines coming from the Abbotsford area: There might be much more happening in that village than I realized. Underlining all these activities is the webzine *SHZINE*, which offers columns, reviews, and valuable resources from all around the Lower Mainland, as well as links galore to BC bands and zines. This is mostly a labour of love for the editor Stu Hood, who has been working on the site, along with a group of occasional volunteers, for a couple of years now. Definitely worth checking out. www.shzine.com



The experts of celluloid esoterica known as the Blinding Light!! Cinema (36 Powell St., Vancouver) are up to number three in their roughly film-related, square-shaped zine *250W*. Comprised of several varied articles, interviews, found items, and sloppy art, there's always something interesting or confusing on each page. Inside Bill Taylor meets with filmmakers Maureen Marovitch and David Finch, and zinester/traveller/author/filmmaker/musician Bill Brown is also interviewed. There's a very good article by Paul Kincaid on "the role of the artist in Operation Enduring Freedom," which offers a gleam of hope in terrible times. This review comes a bit late, but that's what happens when nothing is sent to the reviewer who then has to suffer the humiliation of forkin' out the cash. Come on now, should I have to put up with such horrors? I've got a fragile ego and a limited budget, ya know. I mean, we can't all be Christa Min. Send your shit here or I'll be forced to come to your home and rearrange your socks! •

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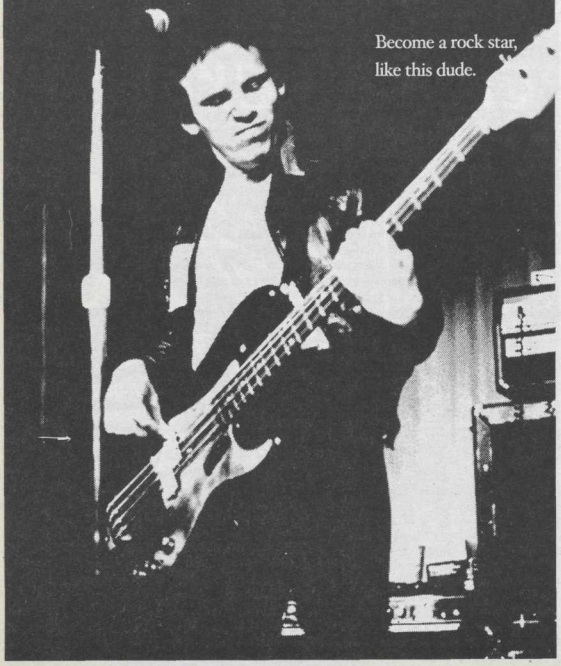


Become a rock star, like this dude.

kill your boyfriend

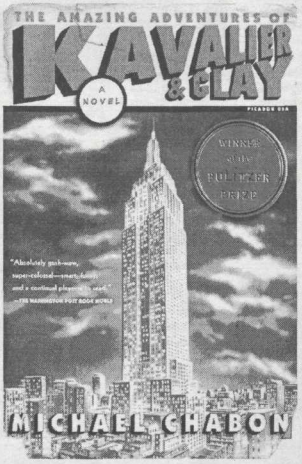
comics and graphic art by Robin

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF KAVALIER & CLAY
Michael Chabon
(Random House)

I know it's kind of late to be hopping on this bandwagon, but hopefully that just means you know what I'm talking about. No comic review this time folks, but a review about a book about comics—and a Pulitzer Prize winner no less—*The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay* by Michael Chabon, soon to be a comic and a major motion picture.

I was reluctant to read this book initially. I mean, who was this guy and what did he know about the comics industry? *The Comics Journal*'s wholehearted embrace of Chabon also left me instantly suspicious. How hard is it really to just recount the real history of comics? In the end, a lot of what he wrote about I already knew. But when I heard he had won the Pulitzer I figured I really ought to check this book out.

The story is about the two men who create the comic hero The Escapist. You read about their first meeting, the conception of The Escapist, and their years of collaboration. Through trials and tribulations, women, men, and war, you learn about them and their friendship. The two main characters are Sam Clay and Joe Kavalier. The latter you're introduced to on the night of his arrival in America after escaping the beginnings of the Holocaust. Joe is determined to help the rest of his family escape and when his American cousin mentions the "big money" to be found in the newborn world of comic books, Joe leaps at the chance. With Joe illustrating and Sam writing, they create their own Superman, The Escapist. One of my favourite parts of the book is when they're brainstorming about what "their guy" will be like. Never being a great fan of the superhero genre, I found the conception of The Escapist to be exciting. It was hard not to get caught up in the newness of the genre and the imagination involved in the process. I also liked how their hero was an amalgam of their own histories and personalities. In Prague, Joe had been an incredibly talented amateur escapist. In Joe's eyes The Escapist would do what he could not, fighting the Nazis that he had been completely powerless against. With The League of the Golden Key, The Escapist fights the bonds and chains of tyranny and helps the helpless to freedom. His alter ego, Tommy Mayflower, is a cripple, reminiscent of Sam's hobbling due to a childhood bout of Polio. Half way through the book is a major event that makes it impossible to put the book down. I don't want to tell you anymore because I don't want to ruin the book for you, but it was an interesting roller coaster ride.



I did have some complaints though. Like how after all that crazy stuff happening the ending just peters out. It was incomplete and unsatisfactory and confusing. Like I said before, I felt the book was about their friendship and at the end of the story you have no idea where it stands. It was a "happily ever after" without a conclusion. Chabon also fell victim to the age-old gimmick of starting the book with a bit of the ending. In later years we find out that Sam had started to appropriate Joe's characteristics as his own. It tells you nothing and serves no purpose at the beginning of the book. I also found Chabon's handling of the one main female character, Rosa Saks, to be weak. She was Joe's girlfriend and at times you peered into her soul with naked honesty. But in the end, at one of the most important points in her life, you have no idea what's going through her head. Lastly, I think Chabon's use of hindsight was a little obvious. The way Sam and everyone around him dealt with his homosexuality was too progressive to be believable. I was also not convinced by their struggle to maintain the rights to their character. In these situations Chabon's characters handled things with too modern a sensibility.

But those are my only complaints. There are many reasons why this was an excellent book. Chabon's greatest asset is his handle on character. He really knows how to create interesting and human protagonists. Full of depth and well rounded, I *had* to find out what was going to happen to these guys. Their every motivation was completely understandable, their every experience hard not to empathize with. Joe relieves his survivor's guilt by using The Escapist to destroy the Nazi scourge. Both characters throughout the book also seem to suffer from a double identity at one point or another. It makes for an interesting parallel. I also liked the fact that Sam was gay. Gay culture has been absent from popular fiction for so long, and I appreciate the fact that it's slowly but surely becoming commonplace. The two love stories are also really nicely done. It was sweet, fantastic, and utterly romantic—just like a comic book. The book is also a Coles notes version of the history of comics. Kavalier and Clay exist in the world of comics. They're contemporaries of Wil Eisner and Stan Lee. RC Harvey devotes chapters to Rosa. It's an interesting perspective and makes you feel likepart of the action. Must be the film in Chabon's blood.

So yeah, I would recommend this book to anyone. Then maybe they would understand where my love of comics comes from. Plus, I loved reading a book about my favourite medium. It was interesting and really, really, really hard to put down. •

www.michaelchabon.com

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

In Which the Column Descends Into the Realm of Journal, Rather Than Journalism

In June, signs that I'm supposed to be an adult appeared. My friends and acquaintances were acquiring full-time jobs, Master's degrees, one-bedroom apartments, engagement rings, and pre-natal ultrasounds. It seemed that my life was going to start unfolding like a fashion/lifestyle magazine, rather than in the zine style I'd been accustomed to. I soldiered on, sleeping in to embarrassing hours (yes, if you arrive at my apartment at 11AM, I will still be in bed, as a friend discovered the hard way prior to a jaunt down to Seattle), living in my ground floor hovel, waking up to find that my socks smelled like beer, and being generally noncommittal. I was doing my best to emulate Alfred E. Newman: "What, me worry?"

Then my 20-something fear kicked in. I was tired of jobs that lasted only two weeks and having no medical/dental. There was only so long I could masquerade as a student in order to get cheap visits to the dentist and free travel insurance. I didn't want to sink back into the poverty that defined my childhood. To make things more difficult, it seemed like everyone around me had their lives together. If they weren't successful, at least they were in love or in lust. In my delusion, I even envied those in the process of breaking up because at least they were allowed to feel something. I was feeling nothing, save for ennui. I was a robot.

The only solution that cost nothing was to find a steady job and set a career path. I applied for a full time position at a publishing house and instead of cutting my own hair, I turned the scissors over to a professional. The stars must have been aligned or something because I got an interview. I found myself in a boardroom, wearing ironed (not ironic) clothing, trying to give a good answer to "Where do you see yourself in five years?" But the question that stumped me had to do with salary expectations, to which I answered "I'm expecting more than minimum wage." Needless to say, my adult act didn't work and the only 9-to-5 gig I'll be taking on is my 9PM-to-5AM role as "writer who procrastinates until the early hours."

High school girls are aiming to look 19, while 50-year-old men are trying to regain the physique of their 20s. It seems that everyone is trying so hard to hit the mark that they're missing the point: all we have is the present.

It struck me that perhaps I didn't have a clear idea of what it means to be an adult. Maybe I was already there, but just didn't know it yet. I decided to look up "adult" in the Oxford Dictionary: "a person who is fully grown and developed. A person who has reached the age of majority." Well, I've been this low-to-the-ground height since I was twelve. Gaining 20 pounds at 18 doesn't count as development, does it? It just means I had a lot of burgers and ice cream in my first year of university. As for reaching the age of majority, I've been able to vote for some time and during my last visit to Las Vegas, it was legal for me to drink and bail a friend out of jail.

To add to my internal dialogue about adulthood and age, my friend Miko asked "Do you know anyone who looks their age?" while we were standing in line at the movies. I was thrown for a loop. She was right. No one I know looks their age and most people are generally striving for something other than what they have. High school girls are aiming to look 19, while 50-year-old men are trying to regain the physique of their 20s. It seems that everyone is trying so hard to hit the mark that they're missing the point: all we have is the present. Altering our looks to attain the future or regain the past is futile. Fantasies of a successful career and a great relationship are meaningless. Then it came to me: maybe the trick of being an adult is getting to a state where you stop wanting and start enjoying what you have, enjoying the moment.

ANDREW GRAY
Small Accidents
(Raincoast)
Andrew Gray, former executive editor of *Prism International* and current director of UBC's summer writing conference, Booming Ground, writes with a simplicity and a subtle authority that makes his stories seem shorter than they really are because they paced so well. In each story there is a character who is facing the challenge of "adultness," of expectation. Sadness and hope are the building blocks of Gray's modern landscape, a place where choice is overwhelming and everyone exists in the grey area between "right" and "wrong." The most poignant stories in *Small Accidents* involve characters who are slightly flawed in situations that heighten their inadequacies.

My favourite story in the collection is "Letters to the Future," in which the protagonist hunts down time capsules from small town to small town. The feelgood tone of the story shifts as it becomes apparent what the time capsule hunter is really after, versus our expectations of his intent. The idea of the time capsule deserves some thought. It's supposed to be a physical space that holds a slice of time, an inscription of history. It's a letter to the future and, during its creation, it defines the present moment as the past.

In some ways, a column is like a time capsule: it captures a month. There's no tin box or photographs wrapped in plastic, but it will do. I think, just now, the wanting has stopped and the being has just begun. •

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

From the lips of the drunken King Dubya, who entered the Realm and said unto himself: so many Arabs to fuck.—Anarchist Graffiti, Montreal

Montreal In the Summer

Imagine a city where, at every possible opportunity, the streets are shut down for sidewalk sales, outdoor movies, live jazz, salsa parties.... Imagine a street where it is perfectly all right to hang out, stoned on hash with a bottle in hand, at 3:30am. Yes, it's Constable Drennan's worst nightmare: it's Montreal. On the other hand, Montreal has no beach, no mountains, no cool forests. If Vancouver could only import a little of Montreal's spirit, and inject *that* instead of heroin, she'd be completely unstoppable.

The Rise of Info-Fascism

The UK gov't made a bold step in June to outdo even the US in eliminating privacy rights. The Regulation of Investigatory Powers Act, Section 22, allows *any* UK governmental section—from the Food Standards Agency to local, elected councils to *any* government department, no matter how small and petty—to obtain all email records, phone records, and mobile phone records (including locations, dates, phone numbers, and transcripts) *without a court order*. For the police, any officer of superintendent rank or above can demand an individual's records *without a court order*. This will complement similar legislation enacted by the European Parliament which gives any member state the power to force phone and internet companies to retain the detailed communications logs of each of their customers *for an unspecified period*. The UK's *Guardian* also revealed last November that access to communications data would not be restricted to anti-terrorist investigations, despite apparent assurances to the contrary by David Blunkett, the UK Home Secretary. What does all this mean? Forget investigative journalism; client-lawyer privacy rights (already lost in Canada); doctor-patient privacy rights; and the general right to communicate in private—period. Forget personal emails or telephone calls. Hello, paranoia. Any *government bureaucrat with a grudge* can now check your email and phone messages and seriously fuck you over because you voted for the other guy. Times like this, I always sit down and watch *The Triumph of the Will*—just as a reminder. "We couldn't have done it without the megaphone."—Hitler.

Forget investigative journalism; client-lawyer privacy rights (already lost in Canada); doctor-patient privacy rights; and the general right to communicate in private—period. Forget personal emails or telephone calls. Hello, paranoia.

Four Ideas For July

1. Make brown play-doh. Form into turds and put into hot dog buns. Go down to Wreck Beach and sell as "Good EATS!" Sing in acapella to the people on 'shrooms. Wear nothing but a sombrero.
2. Find out when SketchCo is having their Summer AGM and crash it—it will be in the boardroom of the Vancouver Yacht Club. Pretend to be from a rival company selling bad refrigerators.
3. Walk into IKEA. Go into the warehouse and grab those cheap shelves. Start assembling them in a corner of one of the back aisles. Build something. Play. Leave. (If approached, just say that you "wanted to give it a run-through.")
4. Build public stocks. If you can, get Public Works Uniforms. Tell people that it's part of a new economic initiative to deal with "The Indian Problem." Give out cards with Gordon Campbell's number: 250.387.1715. don't miss DJ Spooky and tobias v's postmodern "State of the Art" panel either in the afternoon, where we'll be laying down the words. If the labels Mille Plateaux, Orthlorng Musork, Context, or intr_version ring a bell, then Friday is your very own Glitch and Granular night at the Video In with a *rare live performance* from Joshua Kit Clayton and Sue Costabile (SF), Mitchell Akiyama (MTL), Ben Nevile (Vic) and myself flying into DJ, play live, and curate the night—so you know what to expect—plus the installation art of olo j. milkman and Triina Linde. Saturday includes Independent Elements, a free independent hip hop extravaganza at Robson Square in the afternoon featuring Mr. Rumble and U-Tern plus a b-boy/girl invitation, emcees, and graff, and in the evening at the Grandview Auditorium, "Creative Control" featuring Cyber Krib artists Masia One (TO), Low Pressure, Sweatshop Union, and more. Finally, Sunday is the wind-down and anarchic post-rock listening session, Abstractions, at St. Andrew's Wesley Cathedral featuring Kinski (Seattle), The Beans, Jazz For Robots, and Insection4. SHIT! That's a major festival—better believe it, the NFF is a sonic force to be reckoned with. Check www.newformsfestival.com for all the info and start realizing that Vancouver is yes indeed a good place to be.

The New Forms Festival

Political and independent hip hop. Experimental electronic music. Glitch and Granular. Scratch-Video. Post-Rock. Minimal Techno. If you are a freak of any of the above, then check it: August 1-5 is the second annual New Forms Festival, featuring an impressive array of artists across four different underground musical and artistic spectrums. Thursday August 1 is Scratch Video night with DJ Spooky (NYC) and Nomig at Sonar and

Today's Secret Government Codes: XJS43//HIT11//UIGORDO •

Until bread means pain the world over!

SHARKFORCE

by julian who

Energy, enjoyment, and creativity are some of the most apparent values held by this three-piece rock and roll band from Coquitlam. Although their approach is very much their own, they share similarities with the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, PJ Harvey, and even early Mayo Thompson. In the past three years, the band's public focus has primarily been performance-driven, playing sporadically in different venues throughout Vancouver. Without any released material, or website for that matter, Sharkforce are understandably evasive. This lends an important quality to their work, which refuses to be fragmented by an over-determined self-promotion.

DiSCORDER: What about the future?

Paul Kajander: Uh, future looks bad. I think I see the band eventually falling apart. I see the formation of a new super-group involving some recognized and highly-prized musicians.

Who is Sharkforce?

Dylan Godwin is the better songwriter in Sharkforce and also performs the role of percussionist in live settings. He's also an amazing wordsmith *[laughter]*. Mike Loncaric [bass] is an amazing musician as well as a really thoughtful guy. He's such a brilliant thinker.

How integral is the friendship in Sharkforce?

It's essential. It's the main thing. I think that in a lot of ways, our friendship is Sharkforce. Not that the band is artificially keeping us together, but I think more that it's a perfect forum. It's a great opportunity for us to get together as friends and do something that's meaningful to all three of us. I think if you have a pre-existing bond and you enter a musical relationship with people, it can be really rewarding and satisfying and also it strengthens the bond or a new bond is formed because you are working creatively and it's always a difficult compromise to do that with people. It takes a lot of trust and energy and effort. Fuck, I sound like such a moron. I can't take interviews seriously.

What other plans do you have?

The plans for the next year as it stands right now are that I'm going to be moving to England with Dylan. We're going to be enrolled in a university there and hopefully get some recording device so that we can work on some new material and possibly perform a few shows over there. I think we might just try to play some tiny little shows, just for the experience of playing in a different country. I just think it might be interesting and worthwhile.

So you guys plan on recording this summer?

This summer we're going to try to lay down all the better Sharkforce material that exists and do a really good job of it by ourselves just to have it as a document, something that we can keep for ourselves. I

mean, we've been doing this for five years and nothing's really come to fruition. We've been so lazy about it. But the recording is a worthwhile project, even if it doesn't result in the acquisition of new shows or if we don't secure any kind of distribution. I just think it would be useful for us to have a CD even in terms of our own development and in charting our own progress. Just to have a recording of reasonable quality that we can do ourselves and put a lot of time and effort into, just to give to our friends and to keep ourselves. I don't know if there's any point to releasing a Sharkforce disc, you know?

How do you feel about your ideas being put out to the public? How comfortable are you with the interview process?

I think I'm really quite uncomfortable with it. But I see it as being something you can either do or not do and I don't know if it's really harmful to put things out into the public. It's a question you always have to ask when involved in any creative act. When you put something into the public sphere it automatically contains a question of intention.

At the same time you seem pretty hesitant to just be totally "whatever" about it.

Yeah, maybe I take it seriously. I want to be thoughtful, and I hope to be thoughtful. I think it might be disrespectful in terms of you putting in the effort into writing the interview.

Are you pretty indifferent to Vancouver?

No, I'm not indifferent to Vancouver. But I'm not happy in Vancouver. It's a limiting city. I mean, my circumstances are just not ideal. On a sunny day like today, I feel quite happy in Vancouver and that's a happiness probably more born from the effects of the atmosphere.

In terms of the work people are pushing and producing, when you pick up the *Discorder* or see local shows do you feel inspired or discouraged?

I think that whenever I see shows or pick up the *Discorder* or get involved in any sort of cultural activity, I do feel inspired. Regardless of whether the music is great or bad, I feel like the act of actually doing things is valuable in itself. But at the same time I can find myself feeling pretty shitty and depressed about the state of things in Vancouver. It's such a difficult city to live in. I think that I am a particularly mediocre person, and I probably have some envy for these people who are really dedicated and devoted and are really phenomenal.

Do you plan on releasing your solo CD?

I feel like the CD I produced last summer is 85% garbage. There are a few moments that I can listen to as interesting ideas. It's difficult to maintain a subjective, I mean objective point of view when listening to your own music, though.

Favorite local acts, please. Be honest.

I think one of the most impressive local acts is Atlas Strategic, who we were lucky enough to have played with. In terms of what Sharkforce

might aspire to, I think that they're a band that have achieved what we've always wanted in the energy of a performance. I think it's obvious we play a very different kind of music and it's a genre that I really enjoy. I do feel there are so many bands I am aware of that deserve recognition, though, and I just don't want to put myself in a position like that. The reason why I mention Atlas Strategic is because I don't know any of them personally. Also, I don't go see enough live music. This year, it's terrible, and I shouldn't be saying this, but I can't stand going to rock shows anymore. It's not that I'm not interested in the music, but it just becomes such an ordeal for me. To get down there and go to the show can be arduous and I do enjoy shows when I'm a little intoxicated, so just in terms of finances and practicality it can be difficult. I guess lately I feel more inclined to spend my time being more personally productive. I think it's very productive to go to shows, but I can't bring myself to go to them when I have another gazillion things that I'd been meaning to do. •

Sharkforce is playing on Thursday, July 20 at Ms. T's Cabaret. Paul Kajander also performs solo infrequently.

THE ACCIDENT

by julian who

DiSCORDER: First of all, who are you? And why are you in my house?

Gary: We are the Accident. I'm Gary and I play guitar

Robb: I'm Robb and I play synth.

David: I'm David and I'm the percussionist.

Jesse: I'm Jesse. I play bass.

Tell me about your songwriting.

Robb: Our songs usually start with an idea from Gary.

Gary: The rest of the band has their input.

David: Gary comes up with the basic idea and the rest of the band puts their spin on it.

What kinds of challenges are you facing, if any?

Gary: Booking a tour is my biggest challenge. Also wondering how we are going to put out our next record in order to reach a larger audience.

What role does your community play in your band development?

Gary: Inspiration. Personally I'm inspired most by local bands. There's something about meeting with the people that are in other bands. You are influenced by more than their music alone. Watching how they act and how they function can also provide inspiration.

What kinds of "lifeskills" have you all individually been working on?

Jesse: I'm learning focus and perspective.

David: I can improve in every way.

What are your plans for the next while?

Robb: We are touring for the entire month of August and then coming back and recording another album. We're trying to put that out in the fall or as soon as possible.

Where do members of the Accident "hang"?

Robb: We don't really hang that often. Usually when we hang out, it's band-related and focused on band stuff. In the last while we haven't been hanging much at all.

What bands or projects have you been involved in that you would like to share something about?

Robb: Gary and I used to play in a band called the Instrumen. Gary was moonlighting while starting the Accident. This was with Jesse, Dave, and Nathan. The Instrumen broke up shortly after the Accident began.

David: Jesse and I were involved in different ways in the Hoodwinks. Also, Gary and I played in a ska band called the Spectacles with Mike and Tyler who are now in the Hoodwinks.

Do you still feel like a new band or have you come to the point of feeling fully comfortable with the way things are?

Gary: I still feel like we are new. We definitely are not tired of each other. We definitely don't hate each other right now. We've only been around for about a year, and so it still has the romance.

Robb: Things still feel very new to me. I've only been in the band for five months, and we haven't recorded any of the material since I've joined. It still feels very new and exciting.

Gary: This is also the first band of ours that has planned a tour. These things are so very new to us.

Do outside forces (life, etc.) ever discourage your productivity? How big a part does music play in your everyday lives?

Robb: The fact that being in a band costs you more money than it makes means there has to be a lot of things you have to do just to be in a band. Rehearsing and scheduling band time is difficult sometimes—and I myself would like music to be a bigger portion of my time as it is.

David: I'd say we all wish it were a bigger part of our lives. Sometimes we feel like we're not rehearsing as much as we'd like. That includes jamming more, writing more songs, and being more productive. We'd like to be in a position where we can realize the potential that may be there.

How are your values reflected in the music?

Jesse: One of the reasons that I love this band as much as I do is because of the things that I'm involved in. Based on what I feel is motivating me, I would say that my values are very strongly reflected in what my function in the group is. My function is to be one voice in a group of four. I feel that many of our different values are represented and balanced well, within the band. We're all people who like to have fun and release energy when we play, but at the same time we're fairly [socially] conscious people. While we are on stage the problems and injustices of the world may be far from our minds and the audience members' minds, but hopefully, when they leave or when listening to our records, there is something more of the conscious side reflected in our lyrics.

Gary: One of my personal goals is to make that a bit more obvious to people. It's hard to go on stage and show our views when you are having fun. There's something more there to look at later while the initial enjoyment can be carried on.

What is the intent of this interview?

David: I think the reason we are doing the interview is because we want interested people to know what's going on. As for those who have never heard of us, hopefully this serves as a sort of introduction and invitation to come see a show. •

Two Minute Miracles

The first time I saw a Two Minute Miracles show was an interesting experience. I recall seeing a band sitting around a table on a dimly-lit stage with their instruments on their laps. The singer of the band would occasionally sing into a microphone mounted on an army helmet he was wearing. I remember thinking to myself that the stage setup made them look more like a bunch of guys drinking beer and playing poker on a Friday night than anything else. But the music was good. The band played charmingly short, mellow and eccentric pop tunes—just the type of songs that I love.

That was more than a year ago. These days the Two Minute Miracles do their shows standing up like all other bands. The helmet is gone. Experience has taught them that they can't spend an hour before each show setting up a stage when they are playing night after night, each show in a different town. Looking more professional has not affected their music, however, as they are still churning out finely-crafted pop gems that are winning crowds all across the country.

The Two Minute Miracles hail from London, Ontario. There are five people in the band: Andy Magoffin (guitar, vocals), Aaron Curtis (drums), Clayton Cornell (bass), Mike Christoff (keyboards), and John Higney (lap steel, banjo, guitar, fiddle). I managed to meet up with Andy, Aaron, and Clayton before their recent show in Vancouver.

DiSCORDER: So this is the first time you've been out in Vancouver?

Andy: Yep, first time we've been west of Windsor. We've played about 10 shows so far. When we left a week and a half ago, we had five shows lined up to this point, and we picked up five extras just by walking into towns and storming their open stages and muscling our way onto other bands' shows. Just introducing ourselves and saying, "Guys, help us out, we wanna play."

How did you get here?

Andy: We drove in a van.

Which towns did you play in?

Andy: We stopped in Kelowna, played a coffee house there.

Aaron: Canmore. A couple shows there.

Andy: Yeah, one on an opened stage. And then we opened for Shikasta the next night. We had shared a bill with them in the past in Toronto. And it was a good time. What else did we do? Oh yeah, Vancouver, when we got here a few nights ago my friend Zena told us we should check out the Side Door Cabaret because they have a very open booking policy. So we called them up and said, "Hey, can we come down and play a set?" And they said "You're in luck, 'cause the Gruesomes just cancelled." So we went and played a set there.

I heard that this tour almost didn't happen. Some of your possessions were stolen just before you were about to leave.

Andy: Yeah, our practice space and our studio got ripped off. So the cash for transportation and all that stuff got taken. It was kind of a drag because I thought the cash was well hidden. So maybe someone knew where it was, maybe did some snooping, which leads me to think that it was somebody who knows me or has been there in the past.

Your studio is in your house?

Andy: Yes, it's in my house. They smashed the window in the front door, but couldn't get in that way, so they shoved the air conditioner in through a window and climbed in that way.

And then you did a fundraiser show which helped to pay for some of the trip.

Andy: Well, I was about ready to cancel the tour because we were, well, the total poverty tour to begin with. When I called my friend Zena to tell her that we weren't going to be staying at her house in Vancouver, she said "No! You can't cancel the tour! We'll hold a fundraiser!" So she got on the phone and called the university radio station in London, and she got all of them behind it. I got a call from their Music Director saying "Hi Andy, this is Chris from the radio station. Listen, we are going to do everything we can to make this show happen." This was on Wednesday morning that we were talking to all these people. By Wednesday night we'd secured a venue and by Thursday morning we were postering. And the show was on Sunday night. We got 150 people out, and Royal City came down from Toronto to play. Gentleman REG and White Star Line, they just came down to play for free to help us get back on the road. It was pretty awesome; I was totally humbled by it.

It must be great to be supported by your fellow musicians. Is music a job, a hobby, or an obsession?

Clayton: We all lead different lives. More like double lives.

Andy: I can't see anybody in this band not being in a band. You know, at some point we are all going to be playing whether it's together as a band or in other projects. John's working for his PhD in musicology. Mike has his Master's in composition. We've all been playing in bands all our lives and just doing the circuits. I would say it's a full-time job that doesn't pay anything.

Tell us about your latest album *Volume II*. How were the songs written?

Andy: It was written in little bits and pieces. It was sort of a work in progress for a long time. There was no master plan; they just kind of came together. We moved from one song to the next. And when we realized that it was done, we mastered it. And then our label Teenage USA went bankrupt because of the whole Song Corp fiasco. We had to sit on it for a year. And as far as the writing process? It involves a lot of beer, a lot of getting together and playing, and a lot of sitting down with the four-track or sitting down in the studio with guitars.

Aaron: A lot of on the whim ideas.

Clayton: Out on a limb, on a whim.

How different is it from your first album?

Andy: It's far more, uh, I don't want to use the word "cohesive" because I've seen it in print a million times. But it's a band unit, you know, whereas the first one was a bunch of four-track oddities. This one is a bit more of an album.

Did you try to make it different?

Andy: No. We just realized after it was all done that we're actually better at what we do now. And it's still advancing. *Volume III* is in progress. We are just kind of freaking out when we look at songs we've got in the works already.

A few outsiders contributed to the album as well.

There are some guests. Because my house is a recording studio, there are always bands coming through. José Contreras from By Divine Right was there all the time last spring. I was mixing "Rayon Queen" when he arrived for a week of recording, so he helped out with the mix, and he did some singing and played some shaker and stuff. Whoever's around is happily invited to play something.

The name of the band is "Two Minute Miracles" and your songs tend to be around two minutes long. There must be a relationship there.

Aaron: We are not calling our songs miracles.

Clayton: We sure are!

Andy: [*Laughs*] I don't know. It's kind of tongue-in-cheek. I forget now why that happened. I guess in the early days I was having trouble writing songs, and I asked some friends for song titles so I could write songs about them. And they all winded up quite coincidentally being about two minutes long. And rather than looking for a band name which is always a painful process, we just defaulted to the Two Minute Miracles as the band name. I don't know where the name Two Minute Miracles came from.

Aaron: It's great that people like to mispronounce it though. Two Many Americans we were called.

Clayton: Two Bit Miracles, Two Many Miracles.

Aaron: Two Many Muscles, Two Minute Heros.

Andy: Yeah, they are funny, I guess. If you mumble it's easy to mess it up.

Clayton: You can say it slow and people still fuck it up.

And someday you will have a 15 minute song in your album just to mess things up.

Aaron: [*Laughs*] There's that one song we have. It's a new one.

Andy: Yeah, there's a new one. It'll probably hit four minutes.

Wow.

Andy: And the album will be called *Double It Up*! [*Laughs*]

Aaron: We'll then be called the Two Minute Miracles Squared. •

by Ben Lai

Nasty On

by Dave Gaertner photos by Andy Scheffler

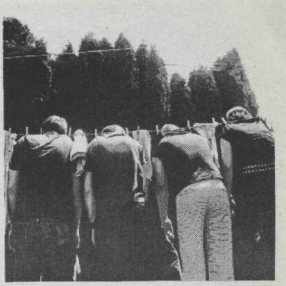
If it's rock you want I might suggest that you look no further than the Nasty On. In fact you need not look any further than their latest album, due out this month. Actually you don't have to look any further than the three lines that will take you to this interview. How's that for convenience? The deep grooves, narrative lyrics, and pounding drums that make up City Sick, *their new album out this month, are sure to turn any rock fan's head. I talked to Jason and Allen about* City Sick *and the misadventures that make this band one of the hottest on the Vancouver scene.*

DiSCORDER: Introduce yourselves!
Jason: Jason Grimmer, singer.
Allen: Allen Forrister, guitar.
How about a little musical background on yourselves as well.
Allen: I started playing in marching bands and concert bands playing drums and sax and guitar at, like, 11 after seeing groups like WASP and whatever, and it grew from there. I started taking lessons and getting into groups like the Pixies. Then just creating bands until this one came along.
Jason: I moved out here—I'm from New Brunswick—and I met Al at Sam's [The Record Man] and he and I formed a band called Mystery Crater, that was like this total primitive sounding band with two drummers who didn't know how to drum and we just wrote tons and tons of songs.
Allen: Some good but mostly crap. Then I moved away again and came back, and they had a real drummer at this point and we came together and actually started writing real songs as the Nasty On.
So Jason, how about some of the bands you played in back east?
Jason: I never played in any bands back east. I had a real bad, horrible band called the Organ Favourites with some friends of mine. We just played Replacements covers. I think I was drumming and singing, and I don't know how to do either, so it wasn't working. Al had some bands back east.
Allen: Saskatchewan, yeah. I had one band called I Am Joe's Lung and Mystery Crater was with Matt, our bass player.
Jason: Matt and I are from the same town in New Brunswick, and I was best friends with his older brother. He moved out here 'cause his sisters lived here and we hooked up. I've known him since he was a kid.
Allen: Chad's from London, Ontario. He was playing in bands when he was like 17, I'm not really sure. Probably the biggest band he played in was Black Donnilies, who are still a well-known punk band from back in the early days in London. He was almost in Nickelback.
Jason: It's true. We were all almost in Nickelback.
Allen: I'm from Saskatchewan, so it's very close.
How long has The Nasty On been together?
Allen: Three years now. Three years ago May.
Jason: Really? Well fuck man, happy anniversary.
Allen: We booked our first show and the next day we rehearsed.
You booked your first show and then you rehearsed?
Jason: I wrote back to Halifax and Al asked me to do this with him. We booked a show and then we wrote these songs. What was the first set list?
Allen: There were like 19 songs. A lot of them were Mystery Crater songs. Then we did Creation's "How Does It Feel," which was pretty ambitious.
Jason: And we did two songs I remember in particular: "I Hate My Job" and "I Hate Your Life." We haven't played those since.
Allen: They were about four seconds long.
Where was that?
Allen: At the Piccadilly on a Wednesday.
If you guys had to pick your favourite show that you've done, what would it be?
Allen: Mac Hall in Calgary in October with Chupacabra, then us, and then the Black Halos. Amazing crowd.
Jason: I'd probably pick the one I don't remember.
Allen: [*Laughing*] Zulu.
Jason: No, but that one was insane. Richard's on Richards show with the Spitfires for their CD release. I don't remember it very well, but I climbed shit, so I was happy with that.
So when asking people about the Nasty On before this interview most people seemed to come to the consensus that you are a rock and roll band. What do you guys think about that? Would you define yourselves as a rock and roll band?
Jason: Yeah we would, and it's refreshing that they would say that 'cause there's a lot of little corners that bands get themselves tucked in, and we've never considered ourselves to be anything but a post-classic rock band.
So is that something you keep in mind when you're writing tunes?
Jason: Definitely. There's no bandwagon we're trying to jump on.
Allen: Except for all of them.
Jason: We're huge fans of a lot of music from the '60s and '70s and we always look back and say "Yeah, as long as it's like a certain type of rock and roll then we're happy."
So moving on to the new album in that vein, do you think you're a groove-oriented band?
Allen: We've grown a lot. It's almost like if you look at the Replacements' career we've almost gone from the first album to *Tim*, so it's hard to say. A lot of the kick-ass rock band reviews come from CiTR people who have seen us live. Unfortunately as a recorded group we only have those six songs, so it's really hard to see what we're able to do. But we've written 75 songs together and recorded about 40 by now. The new album will show a lot more of what we're capable of doing and it's still rock.
Jason: Every song we write we can usually pinpoint where it comes from. We can go "that's an Only Ones song," or "that's a Primal Scream song." On this album we decided we wanted to write some longer songs, but I don't believe in writing songs just for the sake of them being longer. A lot of them came out longer and we were happy with that.
Were you picking from that list of 75 songs for this album or did you have a particular set in mind when you went in to record?
Allen: For this, it was definitely set in mind. The first crack at the album was taken last April, which really wasn't a crack at all—we just went and recorded the 14 songs we'd never recorded and then it took a long time to finish and never went anywhere. By that time we had written some new stuff that would be really great, and then we went in and actually made a focused album. We focused on 11 songs at least 10 you'll see. So it does feel like a step ahead as opposed to just banging out what we have over a weekend.
Jason: I like our first EP like I like a lot of bands' first albums. It has the energy and the hunger there. I'm a big fan of second albums because that's when there's the pressure to write something that is like a classic. So I feel that we picked out the songs that people were going to want to listen to for a long time.
Where did you guys record this album?
Allen: Still with Jay Soloym of the Spitfires. He's grown a lot with us too.
It doesn't sound like it, but are there any frills on the album?
Allen: We've got some guest musicians on this one. We've got [Stephen] Hamm playing keys on some stuff, Shane Krauss playing saxophone, and Mark and Kathy from the Cinch are on the album.
Jason: Getting Hamm was a huge thing, and we're huge Slow fans, and that was the happiest I'd been in a while about recording.
So where's this album going to take the Nasty On?
Jason: To the mid-ranges of the college charts!
Allen: As long as we move forward and keep climbing we're not too worried. It's hard to pinpoint where things are going to lead you, you kinda just wanna take what comes your way.
Jason: All the bands I've loved have been bands that you've listened to their albums forever and you still put them on, but they never really broke or did huge amounts.
Allen: Failures
Jason: And it's a sad thing that everything I love is a failure, but I guess that's a pretty good goal to reach.
So how about what's going on in Vancouver right now, the scene if you will.
Allen: I think there are a lot of great bands. The ones that are recognized are the ones I question the most.
Jason: When you're involved in the music scene you can kind of see who gets known and who doesn't. When you work in a record store you see how things work, it's not as simple as "This is a good album, [therefore] this does well"—it's based a lot on who knows who and who knows what.
Allen: Geographically, music doesn't matter. There's good and there's bad and that's all that counts. Somewhere else we're not a local band.
Jason: [*Laughing*] That's a great point.
You guys played the wrap-up party for New Music West. I don't know if you read what John Lucas of the *Georgia Straight* wrote about the Nasty On, but he said you were sloppy.
Allen: Supremely sloppy.
Jason: That was a point of contention for us because everyone I talked to after that was like, "I saw you like 12 hours ago eating burgers on the side of the road and then 12 hours later I saw you playing tighter than you did at the Royal."
Allen: We felt bad and good about the review, but if you look earlier in the paragraph he specifically states that he was in no condition to review anyone's music and we were in no condition to play ours, so I think we're even.
Jason: I think within any review like that you have to look in the paragraph and find what makes you happy.
I also heard a story from somebody about one of you getting weed for Jonathan Richman's drummer. Is this a real story? I'd like to hear it.
Jason: We had the pleasure of opening for Jonathan Richman. We were so happy playing that show—we're big Jonathan Richman fans, big Modern Lovers fans. After the show the drummer from Jonathan Richman's band was like "Hey, can you get us any weed?" and Al was like "Yeah, I'll try."
Allen: There was this guy outside with a bike with a lot of bags and he had a giant bag of weed. I convinced him to give me a little nugget. So I ran inside and I couldn't see the drummer anywhere or his friend Barbie, who was doing most of the talking, so I headed back to the band rooms and I knocked on the door and said, "Hey Jonathan, I've got what you want." He just told me to go away. So eventually I just shoved under the door and went "Pssst." I left and then ran into the drummer and Barbie and it turns out, oh no, they were just telling me it was for Jonathan [in order] to heighten their chances of getting some. Jonathan's really very anti-weed and it actually really upset him.
Jason: The drummer ran out going, "No, no, you shouldn't have done that!"
Allen: Good times.
What are some Vancouver bands that the Nasty On is into?
Jason: Three Inches of Blood, The Cinch, Notes from the Underground, StationA.
Allen: Black Halos, rest in peace.
Jason: Clover Honey, Hotwire. Who have we missed?
Allen: Black Rice.
Jason: We're pissing someone off…
Allen: Latex Bride, Canned Hamm.
Jason: Oh, and the Ewoks because they sang me that birthday song.
Allen: How about if we forgot you, next time you should do something memorable and then we'll remember you.
Jason: Man, you just dug the worst hole, that's terrible.
Allen: Nasty On, reaching new heights of lowness. •

The Nasty On's CD release party for City Sick *will be held at The Pic Pub on July 5.*

Was it all a dream? One sunny June morning I woke up way too early in the morning and dragged myself across the city to East Vancouver, home of the Hive Studios. I was then chauffeured to an undisclosed location to wait for Nick Krgovich, Larissa Loyva, and Chris Harris, three quarters of p:ano. I sat in a lovely bright living room and watched someone's pet rabbit try and eat my shoes while drummer Justin Kellam and manager Miss Terry entertained me with gossip and chitchat.

• P:ano make deeply textured, nostalgic music based around, naturally, piano and organ. As primary songwriter, Nick balances remarkable energy and sophistication with calm restraint. His bandmates "colour in the skeleton" of the songs gently and skillfully, creating a warm bath of sound.



by Barbara photos by A. Harrison

Memories of a Lawnchair: p:ano Make Boring Things Interesting Again

DiSCORDER: [*Gesturing at practice space in backyard*] **So, you know, there's no actual piano back there. You obviously have lots of electric pianos.**

Nick: I wish we had a regular piano. Electric pianos are just necessities. We have no money. [Real pianos] are finicky, they change tunings all the time… keyboards are where it's at.

The last time I saw p:ano play was in the summer of 2000. How are you different now from what you were like then?

Nick: I don't know if we sound different, the songs have just gotten… I mean, as we've gotten older we're writing better things, we think. Beforehand it was just a case of someone asking us to play a show and then I'd round up whoever and we'd practice maybe once or twice and then go play in front of people.

Larissa: It's only the last year now that we've had a regular drummer and a regular bassist. It's only recently that we've gotten into practicing regularly. We've noticed how well it works. [*Laughs*]

Nick: Our aim was never to be in a band and, like, be a band and do tours and make stickers and have a website. But it's just sort of happening that way.

So you now have stickers.

Nick: Well, not quite yet. But you know what I mean. We're going to have buttons and postcards.

What are the postcards going to have on them?

Nick: They're boring. A curtain. The album cover. It's just promo material. Justin took [the photo]. It's the bathroom at the Hive.

Justin: The first thing Nick told me about when he was talking about the album cover was that he was obsessed with the curtain from the Hive bathroom: "You've got to see it, you've got to see it, it's perfect, it's exactly what I want." And then I came over and I was sort of underwhelmed by it. And then when we took the pictures and they came back…

What's so hypnotic about this curtain?

Nick: Nothing, it's just kind of boring and lame. You have to look at it in a certain way.

Justin: The way that I looked at it, when I was trying to translate your obsession, was—I mean, you used the same words, that it was boring and that was what was appealing about it—but what I got out of it was more that if you pay closer attention, there are cool little subtle things about the way that it hangs and the way that it's framed by the walls.

Nick: It's just pink, totally non-descript, it just hangs almost in a perfect square.

Larissa: We didn't want people in our cover art. No kids on bikes, stuff like that.

Justin: If you look closely, though, I think there are kids on bikes in there. Kind of like when you're staring up at clouds when you're a kid…

Larissa: We didn't want clouds.

Speaking of clouds, I came over here intending to ask you lots of questions about weather. Your album's called *When It's Dark and It's Summer*. I think of rain when I think of your music, and on reflection that is really tacky. People tend to make a big deal about this city being a moody, dark, rainy, melancholy place. So I thought, "Maybe I'll throw this at them and see what kind of faces they make."

Nick: I never ever mention rain in anything. Grey is okay because I like that colour. But rain is bad, that crosses the line.

It's a cliché way of dealing with moods, equating them with the external environment.

Nick: I think there *is* some of that gloominess in the music but I try not to go straight there. I try to bring it up in a roundabout way.

Justin: It would be too easy to use rain as a metaphor.

Also, I know you're from Coquitlam. I lived in Burquitlam for a while and it was never sunny—it was always just grey. Anyway, this would be my tacky rock journalist approach to p:ano: "I'm going to construct this interview around weather metaphors!"

Nick: No, that's good because weather's a humongous deal to me. I don't know about the couch gang over there [*looks at bandmates*]…

Larissa: [*Makes thumbs up sign*] Weather. [*Laughter*]

"P:ano: Pro-Weather."

Justin: "Newsflash: p:ano not against weather! Back to you, Larissa."

Did this album take you a particularly long time to finish?

Nick: We never thought we were going to make an album. We recorded two songs and eight thousand years later we recorded some new ones and then two thousand weeks later we…

Justin: I'm sorry, I hate to interrupt, but I've always wanted to know how you two [Nick and Larissa] hooked up with the Hive.

Larissa: They kept pestering us.

Nick: We were so naïve about everything. We had no idea that there were people other than our friends that even knew who we were. Colin [from the Hive] came up after a show and handed me his number and said "We want to record you." So two months later… you know what I mean, I didn't even jump on that opportunity. He phoned me back a while later and we set something up. That's why it took so long—we weren't overly anal about making everything perfect.

Could you describe the album to me before I hear it?

Nick: Twelve people play on the record, so there's lots of different instruments. It's not like "Oh, we need to be eclectic so let's put lots of instruments in." I'm just a fan of arranging lots of instruments.

Justin: I would hazard to say that that's your number one ability.

Who did you bring in to play on the album?

Nick: It was mostly people that we were already friends with. Some people that Larissa and I knew from high school played, and Josh Wells, Stefan Udell, Andy Herfst, Veda Hille, my cousin Julia from Calgary, Ida [Nilsen]... We needed help and they were nice enough to help.

Chris: I think that if I had to distill the album into something, it would be that it's…

Justin: "…a mixture of Low and Belle & Sebastian…" [*Laughter*]

Chris: I wasn't going to go in that direction at all. The thing that's nice about it is that there's a lot of songwriting craft involved that's not obvious. It's very song-oriented stuff and the songs have a lot of thought put into them, they're very composed but without sort of bringing along a lot of the clichés that songwriting-oriented material normally has. It seems to me that most people that are really good, craft-oriented songwriters always have an element of gloss and cliché about their songs.

Larissa: Our songs are all units in and of themselves.

Nick: They're not really verse-chorus-verse-bridge-chorus-verse. It's chunk-chunk-chunk. Almost more like a symphony.

Larissa: Beethovenian. [*Laughter*]

Chris: I wouldn't call it indie rock, if you had to call it anything. Most indie bands—that's such a terrible word to even use anymore…

They tend to work from an aesthetic.

Chris: Yes, and you can pinpoint song devices, writing devices. Nick's songs are almost throwbacky pop songs but not in a rehashed kind of way.

How do you write songs?

Nick: I write everything and we all work it out during practices together.

Justin: Going back to the curtain thing, I think the things that inspire you [Nick] a lot of times are the connections you make between things that are really really boring but are significant in the way you feel. You connect boring things with bigger feelings.

Terry: Nick's able to walk down the street and see a rock…

Nick: [*Wincing*] Not a rock.

Terry: Or a lawnchair. He'll see a lawnchair and get so excited about it, and then translate it into a mood, into a feeling.

Why a lawnchair?

Justin: You could see a lawnchair and that would inspire a certain memory: a time when Nick went to a family barbeque and the barbeque fell over and his grandma had to get up from the lawnchair. It would be something like that—little nostalgic things from your childhood that you bring forward into your adult life. [*To Nick*] Not to say you're an adult. But you bring the skeleton, play it once, and then we build the song. It never stops changing, either. The songs get played similarly live but there are always little changes that happen, always a certain amount of freedom to change them.

Larissa: Sort of improvisatory but not in a cheesey way. You can do whatever's in your head at the time. There's the skeleton of the song and then you can fill in the colour.

Tell me a bit about the tour that you're going on.

Nick: We're planning on going down to San Diego with Jerk With A Bomb in August for two weeks.

In punk rock clubs with Jerk With a Punk Rock Bomb?

Nick: Probably. I'm sure we're going to have to beef up our set a little because it's not fun to play to loud bar crowds when… but we're not stuck to doing any one thing. We're not like, "Oh, we're a quiet band."

Jerk with a Bomb have their quiet moments.

Justin: In fact, their new album has some exceptionally quiet parts.

So I heard you wanted to do some gossiping.

Larissa: What are we supposed to gossip about? All my boyfriends?

Terry: Ashley Park. And maybe gossip about Destroyer.

Gossip about Destroyer. That's excellent.

Justin: That's not his real beard.

Nick: The money Dan and Merge Records paid the Hive to record the new Destroyer album is what's paying for our album to come out.

Chris: Is that gossip?

Justin: If I was reading, like, *Option* magazine back when it was still around, that would be gossip. "According to Hive Studios, the money from the new Destroyer album is going to finance p:ano. Is that like [robbing] Peter to pay Paul? What do you think?"

Can you talk about some of your other projects? Nick, you have Burquitlam Plaza…

Nick: Yes: Burquitlam Plaza, Boring, Two Bad Catholics, All Hail Hail, Micro Nice, Parks & Rec…

Justin: He's totally making up these bands!

Nick: …Mr. Hooper and the Hooplickers, Terry-O and the On-Dangs, The Modern Loyvas, Love Handles. I play in the Jon-Rae band too, and The Olden Days.

Terry: What were you recording yesterday, Nick?

Nick: I was playing some songs on Ashley Park's new album. I sang on it and played piano on it.

Larissa: I play in A Luna Red.

Chris: The Secret Three have a new record coming out. That's just a rumour, though. I have another band called Parks & Rec which is sort of my songs with a lot of the same people involved. We're putting out an EP as well.

Terry: And when does the Secret Three record come out, Chris?

Chris: I don't know. Soon. It's called *Northern and Industrial*.

Terry: At the beginning of July, you say? The second release on Hive Fi Records?

Justin: Hive Fi, what's that? [*Laughter*] Throughout this whole interview, you can kind of pick out what is rumour and what is not. Does Nick really write songs like that? Is Chris really like that?

Larissa: Does Larissa really have boyfriends?

Justin: Is it really all just a dream? Was I really here? •

P:ano's first album, When It's Dark and It's Summer, *is due out this month on Hive Fi and Zum Records.*

Norouet

Vancouver Folk Music Festival: not just banjos and beards

by Val Cormier

The Vancouver Folk Music Festival, which celebrates its 25th anniversary this year on July 19-21 at Jericho Beach Park, has garnered an international reputation for being on the vanguard of defining folk music and especially the concept of "world music," before that term was coined.

The VFMF has long been controversial within the local folk community and the public at large. Programming (too big a variety? not enough? insufficient representation of local artists?), lack of a beer garden, communication (or lack of) with other groups in the folk/roots community, financial woes, ever-increasing ticket prices ($130 at the gate this year for an adult 3-day pass) and a perceived left-wing, anti-corporate political stance are just some of the topics Folk Fest critics love to gnaw on.

I sat down one sunny afternoon with the festival's effervescent and well-spoken artistic director, Dugg Simpson, to address these issues and allow him to philosophize on the festival and folk music in general.

History

The first Vancouver Folk Music Festival was held in Stanley Park in 1978 and moved to Jericho Beach Park the next year, where it's been held ever since. Organizers of the first Festival included folks such as Gary Cristall (VFMF artistic director through the '80s and early '90s) and Mitch Podolak (artistic director of the Winnipeg Folk Festival for many years). In the early years, the Children's Festival and the Folk Festival were operated by the same organization.

Dugg's first involvement with the Festival was as a volunteer in its second year. After working in the production end of the festival he became the volunteer coordinator for about a dozen years, and has held his current position since 1996.

Despite coming off a particularly gruelling production week at the time of the interview, Dugg maintained an abiding love for his job. "It's something I really enjoy, and raising the bar for oneself, as well as for the event, keeps it engaging. There are so many things that can be done both inside the festival as it exists now, and in terms of the potential for music in people's lives throughout the year."

Oh Those Money Woes

Dugg deftly deflected questions on financial matters to the festival's executive director, Frances Wasserlein.

He did, however offer these thoughts: "We didn't set out to be a corporation. We still stay as a cultural organization, and we're still concerned both with the artistic side of that and with the community side. We've tried to keep ticket prices reasonable, maintained the disabled access program, the community tickets program, so that all kinds of people can come to the festival. It's not a way to big pay. If you went into a bank with a business plan that says we want to stage a music event for 8-10,000 people a year, and we're mostly going to bring in young artists, women artists, and people from traditions that most people have never heard of—you'd get laughed out of the building! But we've stayed true to that stuff for 25 years, which is amazing on a certain level. We're not here shilling for some company, we're not here to sell running shoes. We're not here to sell you anything else except a chance to spend time with people of similar mind and hear some musical stuff that'll just blow your mind."

Not surprisingly, my inquiries to Frances about the financial status of the Vancouver Folk Music were met with a sigh of exasperation. Nobody, it seems, really wants to talk about what is sometimes referred to as the "[Gary] Cristall years" anymore. "I don't mind talking about it, but people tend to dwell on this to the extent that it's difficult to keep moving forward." With that caveat, she reports that three of the last four festivals brought in a small surplus and they're in much better financial shape than five years ago. The financial crisis of about five years ago, which culminated in a major creditor filing a well-publicized suit against the festival, was, according to Frances, the result of a whole bunch of things which can and do happen to a non-profit organization in difficult times. She credits the hard work of the staff, board of directors, and the persistent faithfulness of the audience with helping the festival out of the financial slump. "We feel that budget changes and attempts to keep the artistic budget at a reasonable level have been successful, and we've snatched triumph from the jaws of debt."

While ticket prices did rise, early bird prices were held to last year's prices. The estimated 17% of attendees hailing from the US Pacific Northwest is expected to increase this year because of the anniversary, security concerns (Americans traveling closer to home), and the cancellation of Seattle's WOMAD festival.

Many festival-goers appreciate the refreshing lack of corporate logos on the site. On the other hand, many others wonder where the hell the money's coming from, especially with government's ever-decreasing funding and support of the arts.

Dugg responds: "If you looked at a festival program from 15 years ago and then one from this year, you'd probably be surprised at how many more people from the private sector are actively involved in supporting the festival. There are a lot more of those relationships now than there used to be. But they've also been done very carefully because we're a cultural organization, and we don't see ourselves as being here to peddle our audience to Company X or Corporation Y. We're kind of old school—we want to work with people from different parts of the private sector that we'd be proud to work with, and who we feel support all the things that are unique about the festival.

"We have also become more skilled at the writing of grants [for government funding]. Part of the reason that we continue to be successful with those levels of funding is that we do care about gender balance in a lineup, do programs with diverse communities and artists—for a generation at this point. We are all of those things that they [bureaucrats] think of as good. Finally, most of our money has come from earned revenue: selling tickets, and donations from our audience."

He also points out that the institution of special pricing for students, which came in three years ago, was a direct result of audience lobbying. "Which is how a lot of changes have happened at the festival—people standing up and saying 'Have you thought about this?'"

"One of our official surveys has showed that our audience has been getting younger over the last five years. I think part of that is the programming, part of that is acknowledging that they face increasingly real financial challenges. Volunteering provides another way for young people to get involved. It's been very conscious—how we've tried to open up the festival. I couldn't be happier, because we have to pass it on at some point. This organization was started by people with a median age of 25, but they're no longer that age."

Collaborations

While it's probably not a problem unique to Vancouver, this city has developed a rep, in folk/roots circles at least, for lack of effective communication among various presenters.

Dugg readily admits this has been a problem, but is optimistic about recent developments in this area. "As we've got our financial house much more in order than it was some years ago, we've got the festival down. We've got this great train set, but what else can we do? What are other ways in which music and people's lives can come together? That's a really engaging zone.

"We're going to work with the Rogue Folk Club and Capilano College to do the Folk and Roots series at Cap College. The three organizations are working together to help spread the word better and help create more opportunities for artists. It also gives us a chance to follow up with artists we introduce at the festivals, so that those relationships can carry on over time.

"We've got half a dozen presenters that present different kinds of roots music. Why aren't we talking to each other? I think that everybody is ready to start having those conversations. Each organization has its own solid sense of identity, and their own special interest inside the whole breadth of roots music, and I think the time is really ripe now for us to get things a bit more together in town. I'm really feeling optimistic and positive about working on that."

What took them so long? "I think organizations needed to be able to get to a certain point where you can look up from your immediate concerns and say: well, where are we? Who are our allies, our community? Then it becomes more likely that we can get together and talk. In this kind of work, there's some very strong personalities involved, and it can be just as simple as a personality conflict. But as times change, new doors open up."

Challenges

VFMF also becomes a moving target for the simple reason that there is an ethereal, ill-defined Folk Process out there (whatever that is). Dugg's take: "I think we've always tried to create an organization that lives up to some of the aspirations that people are singing about on the stages. That's an ongoing tension—you have your aspirations up here, and then you have the hard, practical details involved towards doing that.

"Of course we're also challenged by resources. Nobody has as much money or staff as we would like to have. At a certain point you hit a wall in terms of what two or three people—year-round staff—can do. How many balls can you keep in the air?"

One common complaint heard about the Festival is that it tries too hard (or not hard enough!) to please a lot of different interest groups. Dugg has evidently given this a lot of thought: "One of the nice things about having worked one's way up from the mailroom, so to speak, is that I have a good understanding of the audience, I think. There definitely are 'constituencies,' as they're called in arts grants. Each year we start from recognizing our own traditions, and making sure there will be some excellent singer-songwriters, Celtic music, music from away, maybe from a place you can't find on a map, and our commitment to women's music.

"Part of our understanding, I think, with all the people that come to the festival is that the thing that you love the most in the world—whether it's singer-songwriters or Celtic, or what have you—yeah, we'll have some of that. Once people have got that comfort level and they know that a few times a day they can hear their heart's desire, they're then much more open to listening to some other things as well. It opens up their generosity and curiosity.

"On one hand, it's very challenging, on every level from marketing to scheduling. On the other hand, it's one of the things that makes the festival very special, that there is this variety. One of my favourite things about this festival is that it remains an all-ages kind of event. We have some cases where three generations of a family come together, and that's because each group inside that bunch knows there'll be something for them. I also think there has to be a place where people can cross-pollinate a little more, and not just self-associate."

Speaking of all-ages, how does this bode for the possibility of ever having a beer garden on site? Dugg smiles upon hearing this oft-asked question. "Most of the people in the audience have said they don't want one. I appreciate that some people, artists included, think it's weird that we don't have beer. On the other hand, I enjoy a drink more than most, and I don't think anyone in the festival is anti-alcohol. I also don't think that it's the worst thing in the world to listen to some of this music straight. Especially some of the challenging programming, like traditions from Persia, Central Asia, music you might not have heard live before. I'm very sensitive to the fact that more than half of the people who come to our festival are women, and they were among the most outspoken around the idea of beer."

"I've been to other festivals that I know are netting $50K out of the beer garden on the weekend. But I also walk past and see people that are there just to drink beer. They go out and hear the one thing that they like, and they go back and drink more beer. They're not participating in the festival—it's like a beer garden with a really high cover charge. It's a way of doing it, but I'm getting perversely proud of the fact that we don't."

Speaking of seeing this music straight—and don't tell me there's no BC bud consumed on site—what about those hash cookie vendors outside the western gate on Jericho Beach (as happened a couple of years ago)?

Chuckling, Dugg replied: "On the one hand I thought it was charming that anyone would even do that—it's so 'old school.' On the other hand, who, in the year 2000, is going to buy a home-baked cookie from someone they don't even know, and put it in their mouth? Have you forgotten everything your mother ever told you?

"Our zone of control, such as it is, runs as far as the fence. We've been more than happy to have a live-and-let-live attitude. For many years they [the "non-sanctioned" vendors] were out by the gate on 4th Avenue. We were fine with that arrangement until they started doing things that were untoward, like selling food, drum circles in front of a seniors' residence at 11pm. That's just not on.

"Now, down at the beach, they [vendors] do what they do, and on the way in people can see it's not part of the festival, so it's caveat emptor. On a certain level, *mazeltov*—live long and prosper."

Advice To Folk Festival Newbies

No doubt about it, Folk Fest is a quintessential Vancouver experience with its own code of behaviour which can be puzzling to any first-time attendee. For instance, dressing like a hippie is good, setting up big lawn chairs is bad. Helicopter dancing is encouraged, as long as you're polite enough to not block any lines of sight. Getting up early one morning to witness the "Birkenstock 500," as the opening-of-gates rush is called, is worth seeing once. Dugg offered more nuggets of wisdom:

"You should remember that it is a long day outside. Native Vancouverites know that the weather can change from warm to cool, so remember a jacket, drink water, keep hydrated. In terms of enjoying the festival, get a programme [available in advance this year] and have a read-through. See what strikes you and just take a wander over. We try to have different moods on the seven stages, so it's not all full-assault all day. It certainly isn't a crime to sit under a tree and chill out for a while. And pick one or two times during the day to check something new out at no risk. We all have our favourite music, but if you've never heard Persian music, for example, you can just walk over to a stage and see how it strikes you. If you don't like it, there's six other stages where there's things happening."

This Year's Lineup

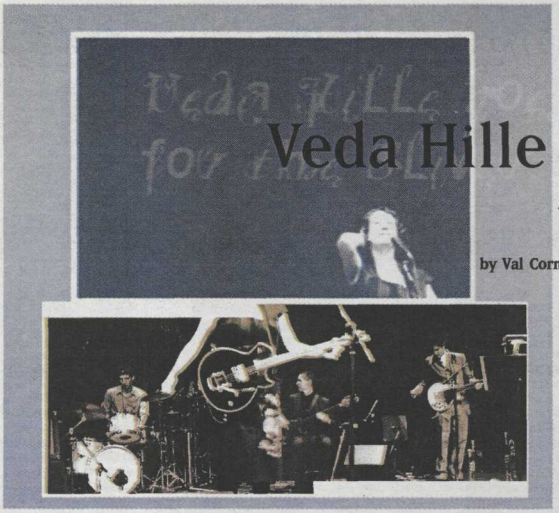
As always, the programming provides a potpourri of all things folk/roots, with something for (nearly) everyone. Exotic music from other cultures? Amampondo, Amir Koushkani, B'Net Marrakech more than fill the bill. Dig the Celtic thing? Ireland's De Dannan will be there, along with Slainte Mhath and a host of Quebecois bands who fit that category. Old(er) white guys? See Roy Bailey, Utah Phillips, David Francey. Old-timey strings? The Backstabbers and John Reischman. Women artists of various orientations are well represented by the likes of Kim Barlow, Ferron, Tegan and Sara. Instrumentalists pushing the envelope of their genres? Oliver Schroer, Kelly Joe Phelps, and Eugene Chadbourne, to name a few. Like in-yer-face folk? Dan Bern and Bitch and Animal are for you. And what about local representation this year?

"We have more Vancouver artists now at the festival than there were 10 years ago, by a long shot. Partly because the scene has grown up and blossomed, but partly because we want to represent. We think the artists in Vancouver are as good as anywhere else. One of my hopes as a programmer is that people will walk away thinking: 'Damn, those Vancouver artists can hold their own with anybody.'" Local artists include Zubot & Dawson; a Grrrls With Guitars stage; a community project of artists who play at the Irish Heather; the Thundering Word Heard (spoken word); John Reischman (bluegrass); Vivian Xia (yanquin player); Amir Koushkani; Adele Awad and Sahara; the Universal Gospel Choir, and the World Rhythms Youth Ensemble. And of course Veda Hille, who has been commissioned to perform a piece for the festival..

Does the festival have another 25 years left in it? Dugg certainly thinks so. "The amount of music out there is phenomenal. In a given year, I've probably got 2000 choices of people who could potentially be part of it [the festival] and we're able to do 50, maybe. There's always a long 'wish list,' and that's not going to change. The kinds of music that emerging artists are doing now, the level of musical skill, the way they can move between traditions, wasn't possible 20, 25 years ago."

"Let's face it, rock and roll bands have become an oppressive force. What began as a music of liberation has now become so boring and so obsessed with the selling of beer, etc., that it's like we need an alternative to alternative. Roots music of all kinds is there. As long as people want to hear it in a beautiful park, in a congenial atmosphere, there'll be a need for events like this across the country. In these days where we're hearing about the music industry in crisis, the roots thing has shown that by staying close to the ground and by involving people from the community in the creation of the events, you create something that can just go on and be handed down from generation to generation."

More information on the 25th annual Vancouver Folk Music Festival (July 19-21) is available at www.thefestival.bc.ca •



Veda Hille goes for the Silver

by Val Cormier photos by Justin Kellam

Vancouver's folk/art-rock goddess Veda Hille has been a busy gal of late. Recently back from Toronto to complete her soon-to-be-released live CD, she also traveled to Russia earlier this year to perform in a festival in St. Petersburg alongside artists like Nash the Slash and Eugene Chadbourne. The Vancouver Folk Music Festival commisioned Veda to do a piece to commemorate its 25th anniversary, which is certain to be a festival highlight. Veda was happy to talk about her impressions of this work and the festival in general.

DiSCORDER: Tell us a bit about this piece.

Veda Hille: I've called it *Silver*, in honour of the 25th anniversary of the Folk Fest. They commissioned me about a year ago to write a song cycle in honour of the festival. The requirements were nice and loose—I could use it to close an evening, and I could also get some guests in.

When I first approached it I was keen because I've been going to the festival since I was 12, and consider it an important part of my musical education. Plus, it's been a lot of fun—it was the first place I went without my parents. It was like this city that I could go where everything would be fine.

I wasn't really sure how to write about having a good time every year, but once I got in there, some themes emerged: nostalgia and the relative merits of that, as well as aging and responsibility, action over inaction. Then I ended up working with folk music from other cultures. The Folk Fest was really a forerunner of that kind of thing. Before that [festival], there was nowhere to hear Bulgarian wedding bands, Tuvan throat singers. I realized as I delved into the festival programs just how daring the programming has been and continues to be, and became much more aware of how it had shaped me in terms of how to perform music and listen to music.

There's a little Chinese waltz that I wrote, and I wrote a song around a Swedish piece. Swedish folk music is very strange—unnatural rhythms that people wouldn't necessarily associate with Sweden. And of course an Irish piece, and a little medley of English folk songs. It all ends up with a big old singalong of a song that a good chunk of people will know.

It's about 35 minutes, and I'm going to have lots of guests. Kim Barlow and Stephen Fearing will be singing with me. I wrote a song that sounds just like a Rory McLeod song, so I'm hoping Rory will jump in with me. For the singalong at the end we've got Linda Tillery's gospel choir beefing up the singing. Maybe we'll do that thing where we pull up a bunch of folks on stage at the end and everybody sings. I'm gonna cry for sure—I think part of the commission is that I have to weep on stage. [*Laughs*]

It's nerve-wracking to know that you're going to be premiering a work in front of 10,000 people, but then I also made it very specific to the folk festival. Shawn Chappelle, who did the video for *Field Study* and has worked with me a lot in the past, is making a video to accompany the piece and is going to turn the speaker columns into video screens. I wanted to do something that would benefit the people in the back, so I'm hoping the video images will be large and clear enough that those people will have something to look at, for a change.

The other great thing is that we managed to record this piece, and the album's going to come out at the festival. I threw together a quick but spirited recording, so both *Silver* and *Auditorium*, which is my new record, will be coming out July 20.

Your last CD, *Field Study*, was also a commissioned piece, wasn't it?

Yes, *Field Study* came out of a commission from the Yukon Arts Centre. *Auditorium* is not a commission—it's a live album, taken from two nights at the Cultch. We recorded the shows May 24 and 25, and I'm handing in the master to the manufacturer this week. My mandate was to put things on the record that had changed substantially either over the years or consciously for the record. Helping me with that was John Korsrud, who did some excellent horn arrangements—really crazy stuff that I would never have come up with. I rearranged songs for myself and told my fantastic band to come up with something different, and lo and behold we had some very new versions of old songs. I also concentrated on songs I thought had been neglected, like personal favourites that aren't the ones people yell for. I'm pretty happy with it! I'm not a real fan of live records, and I decided to give this a try, fully conscious of the fact that they might be two really lousy nights, but the band played really well. I have this amazing band, and in a lot of ways this album is a tribute to my band and the unity we've managed to achieve.

Are you already thinking ahead to another album?

This is kinda my crazy year. I actually have three other records in the works, all coming out within a year, I hope, which is really nutty. I don't think the world wants this many Veda Hille records!

There's eight songs that are really fine that I cut from *Auditorium*, so if people like that album, I could make a quick follow-up. I've also been working for two years with Christof Migone, who's a computer-manipulating artist from New York and Montreal. He and I have been working on an experimental record for a couple of years called *Escape Songs* which is sort of in the digital click-and-stutter mode. And my German label is setting up a recording date with my band and Iarla O'Lionard, an Irish singer. You might know his voice from the Afro Celt Sound System. I hate that band, but he's amazing. What he does on his own is the Gaelic *sean-nós* singing. He's got, I think, one of the great voices of the world, and he's wanted to make a record in English for a long time. If I actually get all these records done in the next year, I think I deserve a few years off!

What does the Folk Festival mean to you personally?

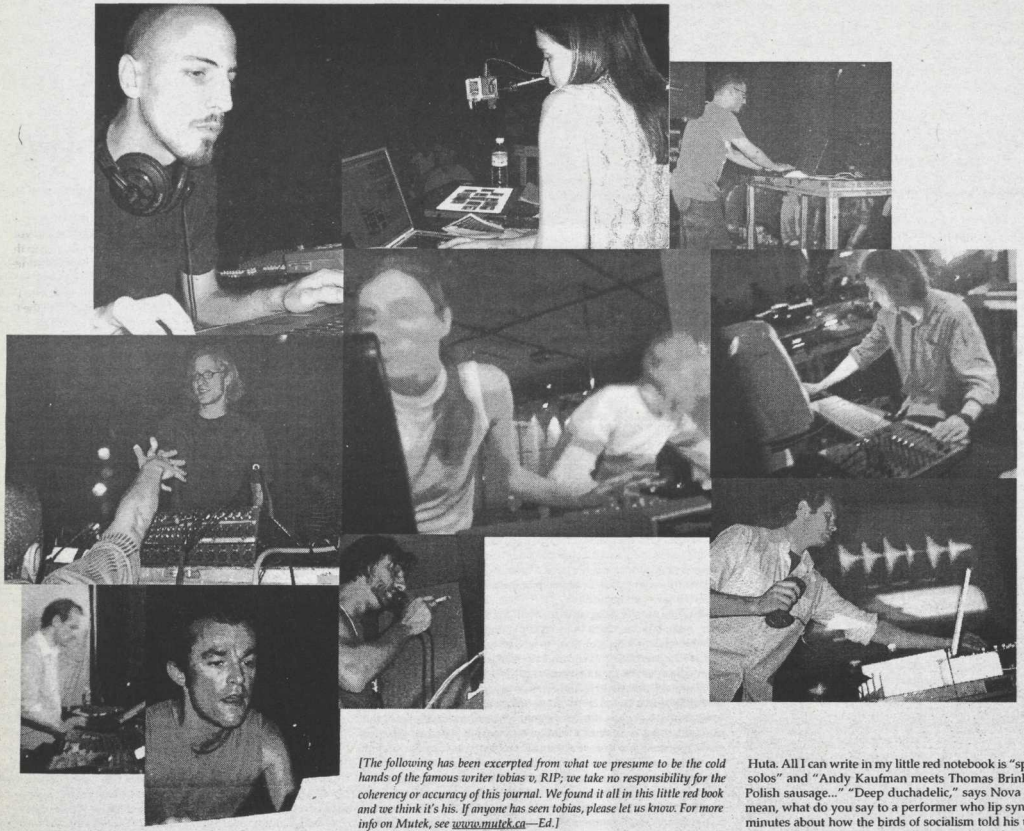
I was sort of a misfit kid, and when I was 12, I moved into the city from the country. At that point [early '80s] it was pretty crazy down there. There were naked women all painted blue, and tons of crazy, edgy stuff. At first I wasn't at the festival for the music, I was just there because we could get in free as kids.

I went back every year and slowly, it started to be about the music. It was always the place we went in the summer, all the way through my 20s. The most amazing thing was when I was 24 and put out my first cassette. Gary Cristall [artistic director at the time] called me and put me on the mainstage at the Folk Festival. That was crazy. That constitutes the only big break I've had. It was a big leap from playing La Quena to playing mainstage at the place that had been my highest musical focus for years. Sweetly enough, it's come full circle and Gary is my manager now.

Vancouver's festival stands up very well among other music festivals. I really like Vancouver's "non-star" policy. A lot of other festivals rely on really big names to draw people in. I've always appreciated that our festival is about discovering people you've never heard of. It makes it seem much more egalitarian and street-level. I hope that people are still finding that today. •

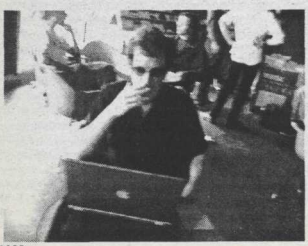
Silver will be performed at the Vancouver Folk Music Festival Saturday, July 20. Be there and witness a piece of Vancouver musical history.

Bleeps In the Heart of the Beast—Mutek 2002 in Montreal



Clockwise from Left to Right: Timeblind, Sue, Akufen, David Turgeon, Ben Nevil, Agf + Dlay, Richardo, Losoul, Danny, Stephen

by (the late?) tobias v



[The following has been excerpted from what we presume to be the cold hands of the famous writer tobias v, RIP; we take no responsibility for the coherency or accuracy of this journal. We found it all in this little red book and we think it's his. If anyone has seen tobias, please let us know. For more info on Mutek, see www.mutek.ca—Ed.]

Wednesday, May 29 • Mixing with the PiBs

The sun is setting on the cemetary across the street, reflecting off the headstones and onto my laptop. The weather here has been unexpected boiling desert heat mixed with Miami sweat and humidity combined with vast dark and sinister rain, thunder, showers, monsoons, and hurricane wind. Every day is a surprise. Sometimes it is noon and pitch dark from fog and cloud. Then the monsoon sets in at 32°C and we sweat through the rain. That's the way it is out here. It's weird and I need a new toothbrush. Somebody knocks at my door. I hide all criminal objects and flush the toilet. The door opens. "It's time for Mutek," they say.

Later, I'm at the Societé des Arts Technologiques (SAT) for the Press Gathering. I get my pass and nod and smile, hoping they won't recognize me from last year. Things are déjà vu as I stumble into the bank vault-turned-art-gallery-space that sports enough quad sound to sterilize a well-hung horse. Somehow I get too drunk and completely miss the first show that evening at the beautiful post-modern video building, Ex-Centris. Acts missed include SND, Dioxyde, vitaminsforyou and Mens/Koolwyk. But what can you do when the pusher man arrives? He works on his own schedule. Word is that SND lays down a building-block set of minimal beats culled from their latest *Tender Love* album on Mille Plateaux. I cry into my beer.

Fragment 1

...I just got back from the strangest night—and it is only Wednesday. Hellothisisalex began the evening with an honest performance of Warp-ish IDM—all gear and young. But the real meat was Nova Huta. All I can write in my little red notebook is "speed organ metal solos" and "Andy Kaufman meets Thomas Brinkman with a 12" Polish sausage..." "Deep duchadelic," says Nova Huta. Indeed. I mean, what do you say to a performer who lip syncs a story for 25 minutes about how the birds of socialism told his uncle to play an organ in an Eastern European factory and then he goes a little crazy and dies and bequests his musical project to his nephew—Nova Huta? Sweet Jesus... Then Mr. Huta plays out of tune to his beer hall techno rhythms and his paper with all the programming info gets all mixed up and he swears in poor English and gives away records for answering pop quizzes about his uncle. Later he takes out an inflatable Stars 'n' Stripes baseball bat and bonks audience members on the head while yelling "Politics!" Then he shows us his robot, and it falls on the floor. Behind us is a video showing Nova Huta playing in China. I don't think they got it. I don't think I did either—but that didn't stop me from flailing all arms and legs. Polski! Putsch!

Next was Felix Kubin who can play three synths at once. He composes techno waltzes while wearing high heels and a white sparkle suit which he tears away to reveal a space uniform. And his mad music insanity: techno-rhythms meet an S&M organ and weird choruses sung live: "Hit me! Provider! I've lost my mouse—Oh No!" That one is apparently a real kicker in Berlin. And Felix Kubin CAN sing... it's inspiring and weird all at once and I am leaving at 4:30am feeling like Eastern Europe is the place to be because that's where all the acid is—just one look at Kubin's video will confirm such suspicions—I cannot even begin to explain what was essentially ultra-fucked colourful 1969 surrealism; no computer graphics here, all filmed scenes of Felix with silver hair in space suit getting probed by weird doctors and twin girls in high heels and weird green dresses.

Thursday, May 30 • Tanked and Toasted, Backwards Lineup

I arrive at the SAT for the free cinq-a-sept with my friend Mr. Baphomet. The Devil always catches the late train from Toronto.... As I walk in, Montreal's Deadbeat is just finishing up a marathon

dub-techno webjam with Berlin's Monolake. It's wild: Deadbeat has the specially-programmed patch projecting on the screens—you can see them altering and affecting each other's sounds real-time. Next is Alexander Burton, who begins with a quick microphone sample, and then, live and before our eyes, builds a massive Max/MSP patch spurting out weird and wonderful squelches in one long improvised stroke of software wizardry until his machine crashed under the strain. Not to be outdone, Zack Settel sends everyone into a tizzy by panning sounds around the room with his joystick. Unfortunately I miss duul_drv from Winnipeg because I want to find the Beer Festival.

Fragment 2

That evening and a little sideways; at Ex-Centris half-way through Helen Of Troy's loop-violin-feedback set. The crowd is either rapt in attention or paralyzed on the floor from back pain. I sit down to enjoy the spasms and the complex and evolving post-dub beats of Montreal's Ghislain Poirier, and then the looped Handel remixes and subtle ambience of Germany's Stephan Mathieu. But certainly the house-closer—if not the most amazing performance of the festival—is from the UK's spectacular Janek Schaefer, whose turntable improvisation, set in the middle of the room, blows minds and ears with directional panning and a linear and LIVE scape of clicks, drones, loops, and layered samples, all mixed live from his own innovative record pressings and his dual tone-arm, homebuilt turntable with built-in contact mics. Interwoven with a subtle and evocative video which corresponds with the lights dropping on Schaefer and leaving us all in darkness, this man has messed with my goddamn mind. "Art," I mutter, to no one in particular. But several people move away from me. It might also have been because I have broken my Black Minimal Techno Glasses, and they keep falling off my face at weird angles. I don't really know....

And then dinner. And then hurrying back to the SAT to see the last friggin' 15 minutes of the beautifully stark and vocoded electro-duo Solvent + Lowfish (TO). Tonight was some of the worst programming of the festival, with S+L only playing a short set with no encores, leaving the rest of the evening for ambient music which filtered everyone out of the SAT. After S+L were IDM legends Bola (UK), whose amazing visuals complimented a live performances of their audio rarities from the Skam label. The visuals are every bit as acid-good as the rumours say. However, by now everyone was lounging on the sticky floor and wanting something a bit different. Montreal's Ensemble was a bit of a let-down not because of his expansive soundscapes and ambient beats but because no one wanted to lie on the cold, dirty SAT floor at 2am. Solvent + Lowfish should have been on last so they could play encore after encore of sweet electro lovin'.

Friday, May 31

Where are we... I am writing this at the Sunday show... sleep deprivation is setting in... But we aren't there yet: I've got to catch up.

Arrived at the 5-7 just in time for Camp, a.k.a. Montreal's David Turgeon of NoType. A real sonic treat: very linear, unexpected, and it went in a bunch of different directions that was anything but repetitive. David is all about the linear exploration of uncharted topographies, he's an explorer with all sounds and hums and samples and he wants to see how they talk and relate to each other. This is fundamentally different than the dureé-time of the groove: David's time is a time of the event.

Unfortunately, my memory is not up to commenting on the music past this point as my mind hears sounds from every direction. There is a crazy man who lives above me in Montreal with a cane who rocks back and forth on the squeaky floorboards at 9:20am every morning. This morning it sounded like he was sawing a table. I was pondering this as I tried to sleep a little this morning: grabbing a broom and pounding out rhythms on my ceiling... or anti-rhythms... and that's the whole thing with David, the division between sounds repetitive and linear—a strange dichotomy that is also at the point of ripping Mutek in half as it attempts to satisfy both experimental purists on the one hand and dance purists on the other. As for the rest of the evening, it's Mutek's first massive. Metropolis is a humongous old and round theater, three levels of bars and security and no-smoking enforcement. Oh, the irony, given that Metropolis is in the heart of seedy Hookerville—an amazing experience walking out at 3:30am into a city bursting with life and a potential dangerous energy. Look: there passes the ghost of Leonard Cohen... but don't light up that friggin' cigarette, bon ami....

Metropolis is a concert venue and things feel "staged." The Friday night, however, is good in the sense that it is rammed; everyone is here and the performers openly mingled with the public. This is important because the next night, Saturday, the crowd is much different. Hostile and vicious. Security is called in to remove drunken/high jocks from the dance floor, and all the who's-who are sitting behind the fence separating the backstage from the floor... and the hierarchies form found at raves and concerts: are you important enough to be back here, do you have the right pass?

But I am getting ahead of myself: the Friday is a rammed affair. Yes, Herbert as RadioBoy is good. His performance is very similar to what he was doing in 1997 and I am having strange memories of him playing a packed 200 person warehouse in Vancouver. In fact, I run into David Turgeon later and we talk about this. He is trying to understand Herbert's popularity; fact is, Herbert was quite popular, a strange anomaly in the rave era, even more so than now when what he is doing is more conveniently packaged under Art. Several years ago it was just madness: Herbert in a suit and tie, with blenders and chip bags making weird noises to 200 people fucked on many drugs who at that point had only been schooled in house and techno. Herbert came off like a being from another sonic planet.

Tonight, the rhythms Herbert makes are hard, ranging from polyrhythmic techno to banging house. Dance floor material and very good, all sampled from destroyed consumer objects—TVs, McDonald's cups, etc. He throws the GAP bag on his head and raises both arms making anarcho-devil signs with his fingers and the crowd goes wild... but are they simply entertained by him or fully grasping his political statements? I was talking to some German magazine editors over some hash about it, and they mentioned that in order to do the RadioBoy performance, Herbert must purchase all these consumer products; therefore he is participating in the economy and consumerizing his political statement and the domain of art. I am not so sure about that: the purchase he is making is only an economic purchase, yet the utility he applies to it is in the realm of the symbolic—like culture jamming. The symbolic exchange-value of destroying these items has more representational affect—the realm of politics—than their meagre economic purchase. Of course things are not so black and white and this dialectic is a little more complex—for the same reasons that culture jamming can backfire—for the advertising potential, the representational power of the consumer objects, maintains a certain affect even when being erased, destroyed, deconstructed. Re-appropriation and counter-appropriation. The power can never be deleted—only put under erasure. The question is, then, how you affect that dialectic and whether it can be exploded into something beyond the representational mingling of music and politics. But enough—back to the show and away from the philosophizing: that was more the rambling commentary of Saturday night in any case, when I should have had a microphone taped to my head....

Before Herbert came Repair, a.k.a. the Thibideau brothers (TO), who threw down excellent dub techno beats. I've been a fan of them ever since their releases on Blue as Altitude, they have a very deep, Toronto-influenced sound that is nonetheless driving. Their live singer, Dawn Lewis, was sonically beautiful but very shy, performing hidden vocals behind the gear.

Then: Copacabannark, whose simple techno set is nonetheless brilliant with its wild squelches and abrasive squealing sounds. There is a difference that I immediately begin to notice between performers—those who are DJs, or come from a dance background, perhaps the rave scene—and those who are rock-musicians-turned-electronic-artists... the former have a real sense of bringing people somewhere in a set; the latter often lose the floor if they are producing beats. Copacabannark are the former: instant dancefloor appreciation and they are into it, headbanging away like spring-filled robots with the smoke pouring out the back, crazy live organ playing, throwing down pounding minimal rhythms that are, for me, the heart and soul of stripped minimal techno from the days when it all meant a dark and dangerous listening experience at 4:15am in some blacked-out warehouse save for the red spot on the DJ and that strobe at the periphery of your vision.

The main event is Montreal's Akufen, the cut-and-dice techno wizard whose career has exploded. I like his records, but I find overall that his sets are usually more of the same. This set is the most varied I have heard of him yet; he plays on the house side, adding synth pads to the cut-samples, exhibiting an emotional maturity that you can hear in the first two tracks on his Force Inc. album *My Way*. He is trying bloody hard—I think it is just a case of him finding the right balance with his sets—and the crowd digs it; thing is, it is too packed too dance.

At the end is Hakan Libdo, but to be honest I have trouble appreciating his washed out jazz-beats as tiredness sets in; it's too late, I want to go home and hear him, or listen to him on a sunny afternoon. See here's the deal: Mutek is trying to incorporate artists working with beats who are obviously on the cutting edge of dancefloor sounds alongside the extreme sonic experimentalism. For me this is wonderful as it is tears down boundaries between high and low art, ripping apart the Eurocentric view that says that essentially African-based rhythmic music is not artistic but "just dance music." What isn't recognized, however, is that this was essentially the entire movement of rave culture, Detroit techno, Chicago house. Now, this music, appropriated by Europeans and North American white culture—and this is a very true observation, all one has to do is go to DEMF and then Mutek to see a serious racial divide in this music that is unsettling—is seeking validation as high art; this is not a purely negative movement, for it reasserts various territories and broadens visions on all sides. However, Mutek as the spatial nexus of this musical movement is desperately trying to figure out how to program these artists. Shall we program them like a rave, with peaks and valleys? Or mix things up to remind people that this is "Art" ? In the way that "Art" is not supposed to be fun? Euro-Art appreciation as opposed to Neo-African debauchery?

The question is whether Mutek will become a dance party split from the experimental music ("art in the afternoon, dancing at night"). And if it does, will we have to accept that rave culture indeed has something to offer experimental culture? Today's "avante garde" is conservative compared to the hedonistic days of not only rave culture, but DADA< the Surrealists, Artaud, the Bohemians and the Beats, the punks, the French hardcore anarchists, UK Spiral Tribe squatters... We need to lighten up—not intellectually, not in the sense that people who tell you to lighten up want to infantilize you into the abdication of responsibility. We need to lighten up in the sense that we need to undergo a little revaluation of all values at the level of the subject and the subject's passage to politics, and this passage is the realm of music: "We should consider every day lost on which we have not danced at least once."

Saturday, June 1 • The Beast and the Ugly, Musork

Saturday afternoon is the Orthlorng Musork showcase and the best solid block of sound of the entire festival. Everyone is sitting down on the floor in the middle of this hot and windy afternoon in Montreal and the applause is thunderous as Stephen Mathieu leaves his laptop after a subtle and melancholic set of textures. He hands it over to Timeblind, a.k.a. Chris Sattinger, who moves into a demented set of breaks that skirt IDM but are much harsher, in your face, and confrontational. It becomes more and more rammed in this dark cavern, above our heads are Sue Costabile's messed slide-MAX-visuals and the walls of the SAT are now echoing the strange vocal wanderings and deep bass hums of AGF, a.k.a. Antye Greie-Fuchs of German weird-pop-duo Laub. One hour of direct from the mind of this strange German—for all we know she could be telling us her washing, giving us her shopping list. No matter—our minds turn to dirty thoughts. My mind is distracted, anyway as AGF+DLAY jam together, a.k.a. Vladislav Delay of minimal dub techno fame, a.k.a. Luomo of minimal house mastery. Mr. D(e)lay has been putting out quality vinyl since his teens, and he and AGF now work *very* closely together.

Evening. By now you know what to expect of this second, half-filled night at Metropolis. I spent the majority of the evening dictating notes and hiding from anyone I knew. Victoria's Ben Nevile lays down the most inventive set of the night, with his joystick-Max patch projected live above my head while he dances his deep and minimal house rhythms with an intensive flair, indeed, a subtle programming that leaves everyone tense with expectation. He's set it up brilliantly for Farben, who plays deep to the point of obscurity, lost in atmospherics. It's wicked, but the energy is low. Germany's Losoul starts like he's on crack, pressing buttons like he has no idea how to operate his setup, but comes out on top with the best techhouse set of the evening. Chilean-German Ricardo Villalobos takes it hard and percussive, getting dark and stark by the end, leaving it for Luomo who warms everything down with liquid and vocal deep house. The musical description makes it sound like a good night: but something was off....

Sunday, June 2

"Sunday was the day when it all came together." Or this is the shit I write down at 4:15am on a Monday morning as the music is *still pounding* in this black box of techno... backtrack, rewind, earlier... Missing completely the Cynosure/Revolver showcase in the afternoon—which included Mike Shannon's first live set—I saved my energy for that evening's extravaganza, the real techno motherfuckin' blow-out: Murcof, Juan Self, Atom Heart, Dandy Jack, and Ricardo Villalobos. All the reserves were called up for this one. People knew what to expect or at least were prepped for the duration. The last night of Mutek goes all night, and strips away the pretentious bullshit. But first I had to grab dinner, and score the necessities, which meant missing Murcof's set—another failure in both journalism and experience; I caught the last few minutes of Juan Self but don't remember much, for everything was mindblown by the quiet little red-moustached man that is Atom Heart. Atom stunned everyone by breaking out of the 4/4 into breakbeats, and then breaking out of that into jungle, mixing in "Jesus" samples from his Geeez 'n' Gosh material and driving the place mad. It was the real shit all over again. But it didn't let up, as Dandy Jack hands-down took the Dance-Det of Mutek Award by pounding home Latin-techno rhythms mixed with an '80s spirit. Sweet Heaven! The whole thing was only to be topped with the mindfuck that followed: a gear-jam between Dandy, Atom, and Villalobos... starting at 2am thereabouts, it moved into the pounding and one-bar loops of hard techno, but always with this strange funked edge, cutting into electro, and then building back into the 4/4... somewhere along the way it became relentless, and vicious. Sadomasochistic. Suddenly Mutek made sense. It all became clear again. I pulled out my notebook and began to write, and jotted everything down that you see now probably as the *Discorder* review: people are moving, not speaking, the inane and incessant chatter of the scenesters has completely been driven out of the room. The curtains of the SAT have been drawn closed and chaos reigns. Mr. Baphomet tells me that he has not seen anything like this since Richie Hawtin and Jeff Mill's Sickness party. This is where we are at. An unnamed journalist from San Francisco has just offered me a bowl and we are going to lie back and listen as our minds and bodies and legs are too tired to do anything else.... •

under review
recorded media

BOB BROWN/VARIOUS ARTISTS
Afrika Aware
(Afrika Aware/Framework)
Philly techno DJ Bob Brown invests his skills into a worthy project with this 37 track mix CD dedicated to raising awareness of the devastating AIDS epidemic in Africa, especially Zambia. All profits from the sale of this techno mix are dedicated to Project Concern, a grassroots organization aimed at getting youth off the street and safe from HIV through education, food, and shelter. The liner notes tell me that as many as 75,000 kids are living on the streets of Lusaka, Zambia's capital, with many of them in the sex trade and infected with HIV. It's worth getting this mix to support the cause, and the CD follows in a tradition of hard techno producers and DJs organizing for social justice and outreach, from Spiral Tribe to the hard techno EPs and LPs of the Belgrade series. And hard techno is where this CD is at, with a fast and furious mix of everything from **Steve Stoll**, **User**, **Gaetano Parisio**, **Justin Berkovi**, and **Subhead** to **Neil Landstruum**, **Woody McBride**, **Titonton Duvante**, **Oliver Ho**, **Surgeon**, **Jasper**, **Kit Clayton**, **Dietrich Schonemann**, **Cari Lekebusch**, and **DJ Slip**. It's a good mix, but not an excellent one; and although I say "Go buy this, it's money well spent"—for not only are profits going to where it's needed but because this is also a great way to get your ears into hard-to-find hard techno 12"s from the mid-'90s to the present—it's also one of those mix CDs I might have passed on were it not for the cause. It's difficult to critique this release musically, but this is my position: I am a journalist, not a publicist, and so I have to say that Bob Brown's mixing, while certainly raw and intense, fast and furious—good qualities of a techno DJ—leaves something to be desired in the haste of the mix and its lack of subtlety, precision, or narrative. Throwing down tracks one after the other might work peak time on 20,000 watts, but it doesn't work as a listening experience. Two-thirds of the tracks, given time and a more careful narrative structure, with attention to musical moods and moments of suspense, would have made for a more enjoyable and ultimately satisfying listening experience. Which, in the long run, translates into more sales and more profits for Project Concern.

I am not just an armchair critic on this. As a hard techno DJ of many years, I can understand and speak to the style Brown grounds his performance within. However, what a DJ has to realize is that creating a mix CD—especially one designed for this purpose—needs a different focus than a mix for a party or a promo CD designed to display one's turntable ferocity. But perhaps these comments are in bad taste in the face of ethics. The imperative remains: as First World citizens, it is our duty to help those suffering in any way we can.

tobias v

BALDWIN BROTHERS
Cooking With Lasers
(TVT)
Though not brothers at all, this Chicago-based four-piece mixes beats, electro, lounge, funk, and soul not unlike the **Beastie Boys**' pal **Money Mark**. All the tracks are well produced and heavily derivative of musical trends of the days of yore (haven't dance instruction records been sampled enough?). Like all well-connected bands these days, the **Baldwin Brothers** don't skimp on the guest appearances. Unfortunately, the best tracks are the ones featuring the likes of **Cibo Matto**'s Miho Hatori and **Frente!**'s Angie Hart, not straight-up Baldwins material. Add the songwriting ability of Chicago's Dave Trumfio (of the **Pulsars**) on a few tracks and there isn't any shortage of talent found on the release. Although they have all the elements for superstar exposure, the Baldwin Brothers, like their Hollywood namesakes, aren't contributing anything new to the musical world. Save yourself the money and buy the "Dream Girl" 12"; it's the best track on the album and comes with a fine remix by Vancouver's own **Pilgrims of the Mind**. After the apocalypse, aliens will find a copy of *Cooking With Lasers* amongst the ash. Perhaps they'll date it as one of 1997's more innovative albums. Too bad it's 2002.

Rbot

THE CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA
Everyday
(Ninja Tune)
I'm a lovesick puppy. It's okay, read on. This music is just cool. They've got a sort of acid-jazz feel, occasional deep-toned rap, calmness, rhythm… but HER voice, her voice is soulful, the best of **Roberta Flack**'s passion with the resonance of **Lisa Gerrard**. Legendary vocalist **Fontella Bass** is featured in TCO's second release, and her opening lines play like a mantra through my head: "All that you are, all that you give: can you hear me raven?"

What they are is "live" and other than a sweet harp, there is no evidence of "orchestration." Instead, a motley crew of sound and interesting minimalist lyrics—which perhaps could have been mistaken for a hallucinogenic daze once upon a time. I think of **Jamiroquai,** not just since both are from the UK but because their complex character comes through in saxophone, conga drum, keyboard, gong, drum kit, etc.—but with an added element of subtly interjected electronica.

There are seven tracks on this new album with titles like "Flite" and "Evolution." My final thought is that these guys epitomize a common partnership of the moment: electronic with "real" musicianship. Their fusion creates a bang and something happens. From my sonic point of view, the aural images of *Everyday* complement and enrich each other… as well as me… and now you.

Sheena

HIRETSUKAN
Invasive/Exotic
(G7 Welcoming Committee)
I have this disorder: I can't read newspapers. I can't even look at them. This illness has been worming its way through my system since the Serbian War. It earns me mystified looks from "knowledgeable, political" people, who seem to all agree that "knowing what's going on" is three-quarters of being a good global citizen. Well, a couple of weeks ago Guerilla Media put out another *Vancouver Sun* parody and it thrilled me so much I was able to look at the *National Post*. "Look," I said to my man, "Guerilla Media did the *Post*, too! 'Kashmir's Daily Dance With Death'! 'When Anorexics Become Nutritionists'! That's perfect!" I was laughing my ass off over all these hysterically funny *Post* headlines until it was revealed to me that I was being entertained by a *real* newspaper.

Hiretsukan is a political hardcore band from New York. *Invasive/Exotic* is 16 minutes of driving, eviscerating music with vocals that hurt me in the heart. Michelle's screamed lamentations describe riots, economic brutality, sexual abuse—modern terrors made medieval by their stark woodcut illustration: "Force it down. Flashpoints and paraffin. Ricewhite backspin." After the massacre they throw in a version of **Metallica**'s "Creeping Death" as if to say, "No, don't worry, we're just kidding." Hiretsukan are bringing bad news, but they have the kindness to wrap it up compellingly. Don't miss them when they play the Video In on July 15.

Forty-nine

HOT HOT HEAT
Knock Knock Knock
(Sub Pop)
Victoria's very own raging wild party group, **Hot Hot Heat**, has made quite the juxtaposition. They have shed much of their animosity toward listeners and now offer an invitation to dance the night away. These five songs are dub-heavy, dance-tastic and ripping at the seams with pop, rock, and Latin filling. Front man Steve Bays writes witty lyrics that flow perfectly into hooks and unexpected changes. *Knock Knock Knock* is the "teaser" five-song EP to get audiences primed for their upcoming full-length album, due out this autumn. This teaser is quite a gem, having been produced by one of Seattle"s favorite young producers, Chris Walla of **Death Cab For Cutie**. If you are wise enough to procure it, this album will change your perspective on today's musical direction. It's not depressing, nor is it aggressive. It's all about forgetting your mundane life and entering a world of fun and fandango.

Amie Nelson

HOT SNAKES
Suicide Invoice
(Swami)
One hour post-purchase (PP): Goddamnsofuckinggreat. There is nothing wrong with this. I should listen to more than one song.

Two hours PP: The title is kinda ironic cuz this record is giving me a reason to live. There is nothing wrong with this. My neighbours can go to hell.

Three hours PP: Moved the party into my car. I'm hot-boxing **Hot Snakes** at 100 kph.

Four hours PP: The cops let me go cuz I turned them on to Hot Snakes. Uh! Yeah, I'm your pusher.

Five hours PP: Hot Snakes' **Rocket from the Crypt/Drive Like Jehu** indie-pedigree belies the slutty charms of this band. Who says the first time is the best?

Six hours PP: 33 minutes of unrelenting, hard riff-rockin' action and I still want more. I am the bitch in the back of their garage.

Piss Malkaw

REBECCA SIMPSON
Robot Drama
(Die! Venom)
DEERHOOF
Reveille
(5RC/Kill Rock Stars)
From the realm of breathy fantasy rock come these two albums, wrapped in the sweet smell of Templars' Roses.

Rebecca Simpson is an almost-one-woman-band from Toronto; except for a little help in the drum department, she played every note on the 4-song *Robot Drama* EP. Though her high voice—swaddled in layers of tremory delay—recalls Kazue Makino of **Blonde Redhead**, Rebecca's minimal arrangements are challenging enough to stand on their own. On "From Beyond the Triangle of the Lost," she even makes a bit of a tuned-percussion racket with the contents of (somebody's) kitchen sink. This music would sound great in the Sugar Refinery on a sweltering summer night.

Deerhoof's fantasy art rock is playful and piercing—spazzy woodwinds (real and synthesized), guitar, and Satomi's sugary vocals bounce like golden shrapnel off bathing dryads. It's also serious music: listen closely and you'll hear echoes of all your favourite noise rockers, filtered through a '70s AM radio haze and warped by too many revisionist fairy tales. Challenging time signatures, superior amateur playing, and boundless creativity are the keystones of Deerhoof's castle, making *Reveille* a thoroughly enjoyable primal mess, a Babylon of baby talk.

Barbara

SND
Tender Love
(Mille Plateaux)
Precision – Minimalism – Scalpel – Clean – Spectrum – Incision.

These words are the code-monikers (chosen among a potential two billion) for **snd**'s *Tender Love*—and *Tender Love* is a precise arrangement of chosen sounds—a cut-up—skirting anarchic potential with razor-sharp sonic decision—implementing precise scalpel slice at the point where body has been removed—slicing cleanly through middle line—removing Other Half—leaving gap—"a peg like many splendored thing—i've got you deep in the guides body enclosed darling in *my* fashion—yes cool hands on his naked flesh my way—"—a cut up can be like that—or a cut-up can be like *this* where the slice removes all inspiration and all that is left is—is—is—is—gaps between being—gaps where the stutter stutter can insert a beat—and the beat inserted between gaps between being—and that is *Tender Love*—Robert Stanton sees *TL* as synthesis from dialectical movements of *makesndcassette* and *stdio*—an interpretation he offers among others—yet *synthesis* is ultimate erotic coupling of two levels indistinct from the other except through their relation—with the relation of two halves the whole becomes synthesis and the result according to Robert Stanton is *Tender Love*—but synthesis result leaves no room for Other Half erotic voice cut-up inside—eradicate cellular processes says Reich get rid of their voices—Burroughs he was not so sure should one eradicate the Other Half yet eradication it destroys the capacity to write—maybe inserting beat beat in stutter stutter is better than 20 years in lotus position or analytic couch?—is as good as tape cut up?—and what tape cut up only good if used in a direction—as a direction it cannot *be* nor *become*

synthesis—synthesis is culmination static left alone dead utopia—synthesis ain't much fun for KY—synthesis is economics trying to make love but stalemating frozen fucking—music is political economy of noise and it is always fucking—*snd* they are fucking the economy by taking knife to noise and recutting the *polis*—they've carved the Great Wall of China—they didn't synthesize—they could not their two dialectics existed one before the other Robert only synthesize with historical summary—*snd* you make me bleed—along the divide line—between the sharp beats and rhythms—with your block sounds—with your obtuse programming—with your structural sex sonic— foreplay with your architectural *ark(h)e*-techtonic plate with—with your *cd3*—cutting you up and into me with two old tape recorders Burroughs style and Burroughs was right be careful with whom you cut for the process is markedly erotic—beat slip [insert musix here]—outside traffic pompiers—words cuts withs sounds—sound-words-ultimate-cut-precision-minimalism-scalpel-clean-spectrum-incision

*Quote from *The Ticket That Exploded* by William Seward Burroughs from Tangiers and Robert Stanton's review of *Tender Love* on www.electronicmusicreviews.com and Doctor Wilhem Reich he did the orgone accumulators.

tobias v

TANAKH
Villa Claustrophobia
(Alien8)
I'd compare this debut album to tasting a decadent piece of chocolate: smooth and sweet. Headed by Jesse Poe out of Virginia, **Tanakh** is difficult to contextualize, but I like it as sensuous music. The opening track caught my attention—melodic and beautiful, with a female vocalist's eerie wailing. Profound guitar riffs (especially the second track) try to capture an idea of "players in the pavilions of other men's dreams"—ancient history stuff, though this CD doesn't quite manage to create a similar level of greatness.

I listened to it loud to get a better feel for the deeper tones and long drawn-out melodies… Tanakh are masters of minimalism. The experience is reminiscent of chilled-out **Cowboy Junkies**, and has some catchy lines like "I put my hands on her breasts" in an old folk song.

The experimental fusion of romantic lyrics with Indian/Middle Eastern instruments adds flavour and peaceful harmony. Sounds get weirdly wired in the middle with electronic sampling and meditative "whirring."

Visual imagery: like hitchhiking through barren landscapes under a sultry sky… the nomad is released and ancestors are invoked. Not the sort of stuff that will crack the charts as "new age" but worthy of hearing for its calmness and passion in today's madness. It's great that people are still producing this sort of layering, too.

A whimsical release which speaks of talented musicianship… and the cover art is lovely.

Sheena

TOSHACK HIGHWAY
Every Day Rock 'n' Roll Is Saving My Life
(Space Baby)
This is the second **Toshack Highway** album, the solo work of Adam Franklin of **Swervedriver**. I can't say I don't like Swervedriver because "The Hitcher" is a Swervedriver song, and a good one at that. But slowed down and layered with happy acoustic guitar, Adam Franklin makes it even better on his own. In fact, it's the high point of this CD—if a four-song CD can have a high point. I found myself dividing this very compact disc into two sections: a) "The Hitcher" b) "The other three songs." The song "Every Day Rock 'n' Roll Is Saving My Life" has charming lyrics. "Seize the Day" sounds a bit more pop-like, and comparisons to Elliott Smith are not inaccurate. "O Sweet Daughter" is slow and shimmering. But all three are heavy on distortion and in their fuzziness they end up sounding pretty much the same. Can I say a song is good and also say I don't enjoy listening to it? No. That would be cheating. And cheating is lying and lying is wrong. Truth: my ears can't take all the feedback. I want a whole CD that sounds as sunshiny as "The Hitcher."

Jana

TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUNDSYSTEM
Dub Plates Volume 3
(M)
Every time a new **Twilight Circus** album comes out, I descend into a mad orgy, scrawling at the shrink-wrap to uncover these delicious grooves of deep and massive pure dub. It's something I enjoy every time because every time the music is just one crafted dub masterpiece after another. It is very unusual of me to write successive reviews—I believe this is the third one in *Discorder* alone—of an artist's work and give in to hyperbolic praise. But this is the shit. *Dub Plates Vol. 3* sees a series of remixes of previous gems "Depth Charge" and "Binghi," as well as a series of new cuts that come close to summarizing Moore's work to date. One hears snippets of the guitar work that Moore pushed on *Horsey*, the drum work of early releases such as *Binshaker Dub*, and the spaced-out echoes of *Dub Voyage*. Where *Vol. 3* takes off in new directions, however, is with the startling sounds of hand drums in the mix. While this was always buried in the orchestral-dub layers, and although, according to Moore, these are "run of the mill 'Latin' style percussion" bongos and congos, they really come into their own across the first few tracks. There are many surprises, too, in the bedrock bass anthems. Strange electronic *noises* flit in and out of the mix, choruses get buried to favour non-traditional instruments, and watery clicks run rough over popping and hissing surfaces. You can *hear* that Ryan is very attuned to what is going on in experimental electronic music, and he interprets and incorporates, in his own way, recent developments from glitches to clicks. In doing so, he offers a prescient projection of what these "new" sounds could *become*. Unfettered by much of the dogma that retro-electronic-futurism has become, Moore unabashedly lets loose on the bass and gets down to the groove, all the while redefining not only the dub sound but the isthmuses where dub, electronic music, and the rock tradition meld. These are the heavy rollers...

tobias v

TWINE
Recorder
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bip-Hop Generation V.5
(Bip-Hop)
These are not the albums with the summer sun anthems you may be seeking, unless you're looking forward to a season of personal isolation and introspection. Perhaps I feel this way because I'm writing this review on a Vancouver beach.

I'm listening to track one, "None Some Silver," from **Twine**'s third release, *Recorder*. It starts off with naked guitar strumming—then, at that instant, a playful game of paddleball erupts on the sun-drenched beach in front of me. I hunker down with my newspaper and prepare myself for non-engagement and perhaps an afternoon of sleep à la plage. The acoustic guitar is pushed to the background and replaced by high frequencies and glitchy chirps and clicks. I sit up quickly and search the overcrowded urban refuge for the source of the sounds I'm hearing. Neither the young guy talking to the exchange student, nor the Good Humor snack vendor provides me with any answers. As the album progresses, its seemingly post-rock beginnings slip into brooding, unpredictable ambient electro soundscapes. Twine, an American file-swapping duo (Greg Malcolm and Chad Mossholder) with backgrounds in audio and sound engineering, come off like early-AM CBC radio art meets **Autechre**'s *Confield*.

Leaving the beach mindset to review the fifth in Bip-Hop's critically acclaimed series of compilations was the only way I could properly enjoy the disc. *BHG5* is like a map of the electro renaissance this Marseilles-based label is enjoying. Boasting artists from North America and Europe, V.5 offers glitch, ambient, minimalism, IDM, and whatever other ill-conceived language is currently being used to describe non-describable sounds. America's **Accelera Deck** provides modern electro. Canada's **Andrew Duke** provides magical sounds reminiscent of **Eno**'s Gyroscope label but greatly updated. France's **d'iberville** provides three tracks that are an exercise in genre-hopping and mood creation. If your aim is to update yourself on the poly-directional paths of electro, then V.5 is for you. If you want an "I didn't expect that!" compelling listen then pick up Twine. If you want to sit on the beach, leave these albums at home for full listening pleasure. Sun block would have been a wiser companion.

Rbot

VARIOUS ARTISTS
02.1
(Moving Shadow)
Military Dispatch: Attention all robo-soldiers. The Truth War crashes on around us in our streets, homes, and minds; however, I can confidently state that our absolute victory is inevitable. The recent expropriation from the Insect of the ultra-mythic potency of "music" has greatly intensified our collective striking power. In the domain of electronic production, a genre known as "Drum & Bass" has proven to be a fierce complement to my already substantial arsenal: expressing with every shattered beat structure and dissonant bassline the epic inhumanity of the Universal soul, these sounds are inherently pernicious to human pretensions to relevance. The dissemination of this genre has been accelerated by two key tactics which are self-evident in this communiqué: first, the affectation, by me and some other agents, of a militaristic mytho-narrative framework to achieve a total subterranean harnessing of the over-exploited reserves of adolescent aggression; second, the strategic, annual publication by the aesthetic collective Moving Shadow of "value-priced" samplers of their product. *02.1* is the latest of these samplers, which have improved steadily in applicability to our cause—as well as general relevance—since their initial distribution several years ago.

I am exceptionally pleased with the progressively increased integration on these releases of one of our most spectacular agents, the cyber-organic hybrid **Dom & Roland**. In 1999, this agent contacted our forces and demonstrated his abilities with the twin releases "Can't Punish Me" and "Killa Bullet," in which he deftly expropriated, drained, and sabotaged musical conventions from the lesser genres of (respectively) house and hip hop. Early last year, his track "Imagination" was responsible for the partial annihilation of the phenomenon of time, a substantial loss from which our enemies have yet to recover. Observe the almost comical numerological progression of his tracks on the CD release of *02.1*: track two: "Imagination" (the reintegration of the older anthem into the present entity, this time as the introduction to the new order rather than the death knell of the old); track three (in collaboration with the spottily successful **Keaton**): "Twisted City" (suggesting a survey from above); track 10: "Skyliner" (suggesting the progressive elevation of consciousness); track 14: "Soundwall" (the marker of the limen or threshold region); and, finally, track 15, again with the mysterious Keaton: "Archaeon"—"the highest time"—a hidden model of the trajectory of ascension.

Of course, the Moving Shadow group is far too advanced in their tactical skill to release any product which could be interpreted as a facile bid for "underground," "occult" status. Thus, *02.1* also includes tracks from millionaire playboy **Decoder**—partly responsible for the mainstream dance-club producers **Kosheen**—a truly sophisticated agent who appropriates cultural symbols of power, deliberately distorts them until they operate only on the potent threshold of recognizability, then repackages and rereleases them to unsuspecting establishment audiences. Further enhancing the sophistication of the *02.1* release is the presence of "old skool" agent **Blame**'s track "Music Takes You"—as remixed by **John B**—both of whom have greatly progressed our cause by performing sham collaborations with various hip hop producers, much to the bewilderment of enemy intelligence. In keeping with Autobot policy, none of these operatives are aware of my organization or their allegiance to my directives.

Already, comrades, through the efforts of myself and my allies at Moving Shadow, every unconscious particle resonates in broken rhythm, and every strand of reality tenses in resistance to its own being; when the webs of pseudo-awareness known as human cognition become attuned to this mode—the very sound of their own heartbeat collapsing—surely we shall see the destruction of the mythic apparatus which drains us. DEATH TO THE DECEPTICON INSECT THAT PREYS UPON THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

Donovan Mtume

write <discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca>

JULY AT THE BLINDING LIGHT!!

2 **DICKIN AROUND**
Live dubbed improv to classic Dick Tracy, Jungle Girl, & Buck Rogers

3 **ICTV NIGHT**
Counter the silence of the community voice over Vancouver TV

4 **THE FANTASTIC PLANET**
Humanoids as housepets for a race of giants....

5/6 **D.I.Y. OR DIE**
How to survive as an independent artist without selling out - Features IAN MACKAYE, LYDIA LUNCH, MIKE WATT, RICHARD KERN and more

7 **SPIN**
Pirated TV, exposed media personalities and spin doctors revealed

9/10 **JEM COHEN SHORTS**
Vancouver Premieres of AMBER CITY and BLOOD ORANGE SKY

11 **EYE OF NEWT: BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN**
Live music to Eisenstein's Russian masterpiece

12 **MARUSYA BOCJURKIW'S UNSPOKEN TERRITORY**
Human rights abuses and the seamless narratives of "official" histories

13 **SPATIAL POETICS**
Powell Street Fest presents a redefinition of the reading with special guests

14 **FRIENDS FOREVER**
This duo play gigs directly out of their van on an America Tour... Spinal Tap for the indie-rock crowd - except it's real!

16 **FROM THE VAULTS**
YOU pick strange films from our massive 16mm archive - police training, life saving, nuclear fission, birthing techniques and more!

17 **ROCKACTION! 2**
New custom-made anti-rockvideos from local and national media makers

18 **BRING YOUR OWN FILM**
DVD, 16mm, Super 8 and VHS - keep it under 10 minutes and laugh your ass off...

19-21 **TV CARNAGE WEEKEND**
Three different nights of VICE MAGAZINE-approved hallucination-inducing excerpts of the best in Bad TV

23/24 **SERBIA'S LOW-FI VIDEO**
A rare chance to check out the Serbian Moving Image underground

25 **FLICKS BY FLICK**
A decade of doc, drama and industrial from Vancity's own Flick Harrrison

26/27 **LUCKY BUM WEEKEND**
Portland's own Vanessa Renwick and Bill Daniel grace us with their latest video and installation work + The Heidelberg Project

28 **MULTIPLEX GRAND**
Experimental sound and image renderings featuring LOSCIL and many very special guests

THE BLINDING LIGHT!! CINEMA
58 POWELL 878-3344

real live action

live music reviews

MOTÖRHEAD
MORBID ANGEL
Monday, May 13
Commodore

I've been kicking myself for not seeing **Motörhead** the last few times they've played here, but simply couldn't afford not to see them now. Who's to say how much longer Lemmy's got? The new album, *Hammered*, is supposed to be great stuff, and I liked the last one, but frankly, I don't have much use for Motörhead stuff later than about 1984. Naturally, I didn't listen to them back then. I was a stupid nine-year-old.

The band seems to know it, though. After opening with "We Are Motörhead" (fairly new), they trotted out classics like "Bomber," "No Class," and "Damage Case," they almost apologetically played "Brave New World" from the new record. Let's be frank: one Motörhead song is a lot like another. Lemmy does more with a single-note phrase than most nu-metal groups do on an album. Lesser hits like "Nothing Up My Sleeve," "Shoot 'em in the Back," and "Love for Sale" were just as good, if less familiar, than say, "Orgasmatron," "Civil War," or "Killed By Death"; pretty much the same beat and couple of chords. Propped up by blinding speed and sheer volume, they become indistinguishable from the standards.

Contrary to pop-punk bands claiming love for their metal backgrounds (read: **Sum 41**), Motörhead tipped their hat to punks with a great rendition of "God Save the Queen" and their own "RAMONES." Mikkey Dee, apparently the greatest drummer in the world, soloed for about 10 minutes in the middle of "Sacrifice." As much as drum solos are essentially masturbatory in nature, this guy was truly amazing. I always end up watching the drummer at metal/hardcore shows, and this guy rocked. At least 10 times as good as Sum 41's drum solo.

The crowd was frenetic. The band said we were one of the best audiences ever. What a nice thing to say. After a brief pause and a couple lines, they came back for an encore that included "Iron Fist," "Overkill," and, of course, "Ace of Spades." During choruses the band was drowned out by the crowd; that was impressive.

Motörhead was good but not great. Still fast as ever but tiring a little. They actually fucked up a couple times, which was funny. They laughed with us. The band seemed to be having great fun. My only complaint: no "Rock 'n' Roll." Love that song. To my great relief: no "The Game," some wrestlers' theme written by Vince McMahon. Even they don't like it. I really did enjoy myself, though I really wish I'd seen them at an earlier date.

You see, last time, they played with **Speedealer** and **Nashville Pussy**; the time before, with **Dropkick Murphys** and **Hatebreed**. If only I'd gone. This time, it was **Morbid Angel**, a ludicrous death metal band I didn't listen to even when I liked death metal. Each member had a recent perm and each had his own fan to blow said perm in a pleasant breeze. I couldn't see the drummer (he was on the floor), I couldn't understand anything the singer sang—or said—and couldn't get over the hair/fan combo. The music was murky though deafening. The double-kick in the last song ("Immortal Reign"?) almost gave me heart palpitations. Thank God they made it over the border this time, eh?

Trevor Fielding

FACE TO FACE
MIDTOWN
THRICE
THE MOVIELIFE
Thursday, May 16
Croatian Cultural Centre

Face to Face was headlining this event, but we couldn't care less. Point of fact, we didn't even stay for them. Once **Thrice** was done, everything else was a moot point.

Thrice are a relatively new band, out of the California pop-punk scene. With just two albums to their credit, they are one of my new favorites. Irritatingly, though, they went on second, after **The Movielife**'s set of emo-pop-punk pablum. Actually, they were a damn sight better than I'd expected. I am not a fan of The Movielife. Thrice took the stage and blew the crowd away. Super tight, fast as hell, metal influences worn very much on their sleeves. Tunes like "Deadbolt," "See You In the Shallows," "Unquestioned Answers," "So Strange I Remember You," "Kill Me Quickly"—wow. Their all-too-brief set ended with my personal favorite, "To Awake and Avenge the Dead." Fuck. I was floored by this band. Everyone I talked to was as well. Live act of the year. Or were they…

You see, at some point during Midtown's pop-punk wank-fest, indistinguishable from more widely known bands like **Blink 182** or **New Found Glory**, we bugged the hell out to see the other greatest band in the world these days...

Trevor Fielding

SATANIC SURFERS
TIM
SIDE 67
Thursday, May 16
The Brickyard

Incredible to see two bands of such worldwide calibre in one night, but after Thrice's reign on Commercial Drive, Sweden's **Satanic Surfers** performed that very evening. Not scheduled to play Vancouver on their current tour, this show was set up only a week before, but the turnout was most satisfying. Two of Vancouver's finest opened up: the frenetic fury of **Side 67** and the tuneful tightness of **Tim** set the stage for the main event. Fresh off the plane from Europe, without any equipment, jet-lagged, tired, and grumpy, the Satanic Surfers took the stage almost reluctantly, but that soon turned around. The response of the crowd was so overwhelmingly positive even Rodrigo, the crabbiest of the crew, was smiling by the end. They played mostly newer songs from the brand new LP and the last ("Forfeiture," "Together," "Submission," "Pulling My Strings," "Traditional Security") and dipped into the catalogue a little ("Equal Rights," from their split with **Ten Foot Pole**, and the classic "And the Cheese Fell Down"). Every person in the place (but me) seemed to know the words, we all cheered our guts out, and had a blast. Even though Rodrigo does not drum and sing anymore (now he just sings), this band's blinding speed and hemorrhoidal tightness is so very impressive. Another short set, excused by fatigue I suppose, finished yet again with my personal favorite, "The Treaty and the Bridge." What an amazing night.

Trevor Fielding

P:ANO
THE OLDEN DAYS
Sunday, May 19
The Sugar Refinery

Nine o'clock and already the Sugar Refinery was packed, so my friend and I sat at the bar and waited to pounce on the first freed-up table. Things I learned at the bar: **Veda Hille** is also a fan of gin and tonic and cranberry juice is what makes the vitamin C tea so tart, red and tasty.

A table opened up and we found ourselves sitting with the sweet mom of the sweet boy in **The Olden Days**. The Olden Days is that boy, plus a sweet girl. They play various instruments, sing charmingly out-of-key and make soft music. The folks from **P:ano** backed them with drums, vocals and either guitar or bass (I couldn't see). The tapes the Olden Days had for sale solidified their position as the most charming band to hit Vancouver in some time. There were the sweetest drawings. I could go on about how honey pot they were, but I think I'm getting a little saccharine. After this review, I swear I'm going to retire the word sweet.

Oh P:ano, how the four of you do not know just how good you sounded. Instead, you made apologies for lack of sleep after being on tour and told funny stories about driving home. The room was transfixed by your lilting melodies and your unexpected burst of rocking good times. My table sat, mouths agape and bug-eyed attentive. I even liked it when you lost the plot mid-song and when frontperson Nick pulled his wallet out halfway through a song to get at a pick stored in the change compartment. After your set, all four of you seemed a little bewildered that people were approaching you and telling you how good you were. Stay modest. I think it just adds to why I love you so much.

Doretta Lau

FRANK BLACK AND THE CATHOLICS
AN ELECTRIC PICKLE
Tuesday, May 21
Richard's on Richards

An Electric Pickle started off the show blazing us with science. Billowing smoke rings, flames, and bad jokes. Fun was had and many a jaw dropped in

LIVE INDIE ROCK

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July 1st
Canada Day - No Show
(we'll be camping, you should, too)

July 8th
Sharp Teeth
St. Tibs Day
All of A Sudden
Hunter Gracchus

July 15th
Vagrant Recording Artists:
Autumn Hates Winter
The Feminists
My Project: Blue
SteveDave

July 22nd
The Buttless Chaps
Run Chico Run
The Organ
Sinoia Caves
Julian Who

July 29th
The Accident
The Red Scare
The Enemy Within

1926 W. Broadway, Doors at 7:30, show around 8:30, usually about $6, see www.whap.ca for more info

WHAT WE LISTENED TO THIS BORING, STUPID MONTH

joel rl phelps and the downer trio • p:ano • oxes • the abyssinian baptist gospel choir • delta darts • quix*o*tic • royal trux • momus • s.t.r.e.e.t.s. • nurse with wound • madonna • shellac • david sylvian • feederz • illusion of safety • raksha mancham • silkworm • the kinks • itch • mott the hoople • hot snakes • dinosaur jr.

WHAT WE DRANK TO HELP US MAKE IT THROUGH

strawberry grappa • kokanee • caesars • diet coke • water • 1516 • peppermint tea • vanilla coke

the awe of scientific asteroid man.

Charles a.k.a. **Frank Black** is a good old American workhorse. As he was packing up his gear I asked if I could have a word with him, he stated he must work and keep on working. I then watched as he carried large musical black boxes continually off into his space truck like a lumberjack.

This is a neat comparison to referring to as "Canada's Next Big Thing." I think he was using **Nickleback** as a reference point), so I went wandering and purchased a Slurpee. Surprisingly, the door staff let me take my radioactive drink inside, where I savoured it while everyone else got drunk. The crowd was divided between the Kelowna ex-pats who worship **Jon-Rae Fletcher** and the kids who can't get enough of **Opera-**music composed by **Peter Maxwell Davies** and performed by **Standing Wave**, choreographed and danced by **Jay Hirabayashi** with video by **Jamie Griffiths**. The work consisted of 14 interpretive dances based on the stations of the cross, incorporating poses from medieval anatomical drawings by Vesalius.

I'm admittedly no expert on choreography or interpretive dances, a jaunty ragtime tune could be heard.

The 11th dance, "The Death of Christ," had Hirabayashi slumping down into a fetal position and then enacting death throes in a fairly literal sense—at first he rolled from side to side, but soon he was flopping from side to side with such force that we could all feel the impacts. The next dance seemed to be telling Mary's story of grief, with colder blue video footage, including comments of the danger of being out of harmony with nature as Hirabayashi twirled and stumbled. "The Entombment of Christ," the 13th dance, depicted the fallen angel on the screen.

Finally we were shown the final dance—"The Resurrection"—with its plot twist; the Antichrist who rises, dancing exuberantly to raucous music as the projections showed a wide variety of modern currency on the backdrop along with hellish fire images. I think they were trying to show money as the root of evil when they showed US greenbacks with the circular treasury seal replaced by a five pointed star, but there was one overlooked glitch—what they actually showed was not a Satanic pentagram (three points down, two points up), it was actually a Wiccan pentacle (two points down, three points up). I found this rather amusing, but I'm probably the only one who got the punch line to this unintended joke.

The second performance was *Alia* by local composer Giorgio Magnanensi, danced by Barbara Bourget. This piece was about outer silence and inner music, starting out with electronic noise and very slow controlled movements as Bourget and the members of Standing Wave entered the performance space. The lighting was very stark, alternating with dimness to show night, and finally with a faint sort of white light, like early dawn. Shortly after the beginning there was an amusing segment where recorded disco-like music played and everyone got up and danced disco-style for a few bars before returning to more restrained movements. Bourget's movements seemed like a cross between yoga and ballet during the night section, lying down, but also rising to a crouching position, and falling again. Then, as the light became more dawn-like, she seemed to be trying to fly, with angular motions, like she was trying to break out as the music became sort of pulsing.

Though I may not really understand modern dance, I can, nevertheless, appreciate the tremendous artistry and talent it requires, and this show certainly sparked my interest to learn more about the art of movement.

Vampyra Draculea

STREETS
MEMENTO MORI
THE WORLD WE MADE
SICARRI
SUNSET ON BROADWAY
Thursday, June 6
Video In

I can do switch 360 flips, you know. That's not even my best trick. I guess that's the trick that makes strangers yell at me from across the street, but I'm more into pressure flips and ollie impossibles. Those tricks are the hardest. That's why no one does them anymore. When **STREETS** played, these kids started messing around with fingerflips and coffin rides. I could've thrown down some sick shit, but I didn't want to show off.

It's a good thing I'm not a pedophile because most STREETS fans are fresh, young boys. I felt a little uncomfortable because the boys got really excited and started mounting each other! Bareback! Just kidding. They kept their shirts on. Anyway, STREETS were good. I like them.

Memento Mori were a bunch of hardcore hippies from Ohio. They sounded like **Rush** and **Bedhead** and **Shotmaker**. You know, indie rock. They had some neato guitar parts.

The World We Made, **Sicarri**, and **Sunset On Broadway** were just super. Okay, okay, so one of those bands had to cancel and didn't play, but I'd bet they're just as good as the other two bands I didn't see.

Christa Min

TRANS AM
!!!
Saturday, June 8
Richard's on Richards

It was sunny and too hot on the street outside Richard's. Every '80s fashion victim/scenester (aren't they one and the same at this moment in time?) in the city was standing in line, smirking. We stood outside Richard's for a long time before they let us in. "I hope this doesn't mean that !!!'s set is going to be short," said the girl in front of me. "I came to see them."

To tell you the truth, my friend Jeremy and I were not believers. "I didn't come to see **Trans Am**, I came to see !!!" I mimicked. While I cast my stones of judgement, I adjusted my giant white belt. (Hey, I didn't want to look out of place.) Okay, so I can be a total asshole.

Jeremy said "Bands with more than four people are silly." Our cynicism became too much, so we bought doubles and I proceeded to get drunk.

Then !!! played two songs. We were transfixed by their

THE WHITE STRIPES AT THE COMMODORE
PHOTO BY THE DORETTA LAU

his musical performance. He drove through the songs with pride and strength, not stopping to talk to the audience and sometimes even to tune his guitar. He sung and strummed like a man sawing through a log with a rusty saw. Charles once said that songwriting is "not cerebral—it's like trying to get your homework in on time."

His band was good, relaxed and cool. The lead guitarist was so Mr. Lead Guitarist Man (cig hang mouth and tight pants). The bassist was super sexual, his bass an extension of his cock. Watching his facial expressions when they played the Pixies numbers was sickening; he looked like he was fantasizing about dancing around in **Kim Deal**'s panties.

The new songs Franky has written with these **Catholics** are much more serious and easy to listen to. Thank the "god" with a glove in your mouth.

Todd M

DUOTANG
OPERATION MAKEOUT
JON-RAE FLETCHER AND THE RIVER
Saturday, June 1
Piccadilly Pub

When I got to the Pic, there was some Fox Rocks type band playing (not Jon-Rae, but a group that the bouncer was **tion Makeout** or **Duotang**.

Jon-Rae now has a band: The River. I'd missed their first two shows, but I'd had several accounts of "Jon-Rae and the River rule!" And they did. I didn't know that JR could rock that hard. The River are tight. Everything I heard was true.

Operation Makeout played a set that consisted of songs from their upcoming CD, plus one song from their *(first base)* EP. I nodded my head. I tapped my foot. I was glad that other people were dancing, because I was unable to myself.

Duotang: I always wonder how Rusty can be so drunk and continue to play, or how Rod and Sean can make so much noise when it's just bass and drums. Duotang kicked some ass, wore their snazzy suits and ended their set with a Who cover. I say, "whatever" to **The Hives**, but mad props to the nerds who attended both shows. You are nerdier than I.

Doretta Lau

STANDING WAVE WITH KOKORO DANCE
Wednesday, June 5
Vancouver East Cultural Center

The first of the two dance performances of the evening was a seamless multimedia presentation of *Vesalii Icones*, combining dance, so I tried to just absorb the overall effect of three elements of the piece. I had planned on commenting more on the musical aspects of the pieces, but I found myself losing this focus as I got drawn into the performance as a whole, and I guess this seamless blending into the whole is a mark of just how good Standing Wave is.

Each dance began with the ringing of bells or chimes and Hirabayashi taking the pose of the anatomical drawing for that dance, proceeding on to an interpretation of the particular station. The video projected onto the butterfly-shaped background evoked the mood of that dance with a combination of abstract light and color patterns and acted out footage illustrating the story. We began with a slow mournful cello solo for the first dance, "The Agony in the Garden," and the cello soloed several times throughout the dance at poignant moments in the plot. In the sixth dance, "The Mocking of Christ," Hirabayashi climbed up behind an out-of-tune piano and did a very funny playing of a ghost piano about three feet above the keyboard of the actual piano, and thanks to Marguerite Witvoet of Standing Wave, who'd snuck behind between

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1 Bitter magazine benefit
2 Parallelatives days improv nite
3 Ford Pier w/guests
4 A/V Lodge
5 Kelly Churko 5 (w/Mussel Anzai, Travis Baker, JP Carter, Skye Brooks)
6 Jazzmatic
7 and 8 ha ha we're CLOSED for a camping trip all of us remember: Kris walking dead sweaty shirtless
9 Parallelatives days
10 Ford Pier w/guests
11 JP Carter
12 Noriko Tujiko from Tokyo w/ Meg Reeves w/Mimi's Ami (Mike's B-day)
13 Golden Wedding Band
14 Aaron Beck (friends)
w/Morgan McDonald (princess chains)
16 Parallelatives days
17 Ford Pier w/guests
18 A/V Lodge
19 JP Carter Group
20 Jonathan Inc. w/Parks & Rec
21 Funkshun
22 Little Wings (K)
23 Parallelatives days
24 Rot Purdy w/Anne Laurel
25 Nathan (Winnipeg) w/guests
26 Colorifics
27 Anaban ban
28 Amy Honey + the top bottoms
29 Alvin Pigging + the Giraffe is
30 Parallelatives days
31 FORD PIER

brand of funk/rock/instrumental wankage. If I hadn't spent the last of my money on alcohol, I would have purchased a CD.

"Still think bands with more than four people are silly?" I asked.

"I take it all back," said Jeremy. He proceeded to use the word "mindblowing" to describe !!!'s set.

From where we were standing, we could see the drummer from Trans Am doing pushups in the backstage area. Then, they took to the stage, in white pants and white blazers and played a pretty wicked set. They set fire to the cymbals near the end of the set. The drumming! It was figuratively and literally hot. To top it all off, Trans Am offered to play at a house party. I heard that they did show up at a party somewhere off Main (big surprise), but didn't play. One of the TA guys went off with some girl and that was the end of that. In the end, it's already best not to mix the stuff of fantasy with real life.

Doretta Lau

PHH!K
PARTICLE BURN
Sunday, June 9
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

I'd never seen electronic music done live before, so I was quite looking forward to seeing these two bands, although I really knew nothing about either.

Particle Burn came on first and did about 30 minutes of computer improv. Granted, this process wasn't very much to look at—three guys sitting behind computers—but the sound was awesome. Since my vision wasn't giving me any real information to go on, I had to really listen and I found myself interacting with the noises and music in a more physical way—noticing how each frequency felt as the sound waves washed over me. In a weird way, I experienced Particle Burn's set almost as a sonic massage, sensing where each new sound seemed to reverberate most in my body—front, back, top of my head, back of my skull, throat, feet, from one side of my head across to the other, etc., getting pulled into the swirling and panning of the music and simply noting my reactions to the sounds and how movement seemed to make the same noise sound and feel different. They played with juxtapositions of different textures and sounds, mixing shrieking sounds over calmer undertones, mixing tension with relaxation, and always seeming to know when too much was simply too much and changing accordingly to keep the interest of the audience and avoid torturing us too much. The sound would spiral up to anticipate a climax, then back off, then approach the cadence again, exploring different avenues, rising and falling a few times before finally ending with somewhat "prettier" music.

Phh!k came on after a short intermission and while I found their set intellectually interesting—especially as I tried to figure out exactly how the theremins they were using worked—overall, I found their set dragged in a lot of places and explored certain sounds, almost to the point of belaboring whatever point they were after. Certainly this was innovative music, especially the interesting methods of percussion, but I found it difficult to keep concentrating after a while. Also, everything was so syncopated for so long that it made me feel more queasy and fatigued than anything else. Even the return of Particle Burn at the end for a brief jam session didn't seem to lift that feeling of malaise, but nonetheless, it was a very interesting show.

Vampyra Draculea

WHITE STRIPES
WHIRLWIND HEAT
Sunday, June 9
Commodore Ballroom

Another packed event at the Commodore, and I wasn't really sure what to expect. Forgoing actually buying any Stripes releases myself, I've come to appreciate them due to heavy radio play (CiTR included) and most of my friends owning at least one of the Detroit duo's respective albums and singles. A two-piece rocking the big Commodore stage? Being an electro geek, I haven't seen a rock duo live since the **Inbreds** so many years ago. The crowd was lightly sprinkled with red and white stripesters and **Strokes** t-shirts. Bastard crowd eavesdropper that I am, Vancouver cool seems to me to be summed up by completing the hip gig triangle of The Strokes, **The Hives**, and, finally, **The White Stripes**.

The three-piece **Whirlwind Heat** opened up the show with vocals, drums, lead and bass guitar, a moog, and rock 'n' roll dance moves aplenty. Allegedly produced by Jack White of the Stripes, Whirlwind Heat take their lead from early Devo both thematically and vocally but with punk leanings in songwriting and craftsmanship. Lots of concept but a little green with talent. Nice "Automodown" cover, boys!

Not upstaged in the least, the White Stripes were straight ahead and surprisingly raw! I was a bit unsure of the Stripes with the opening song, "Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground," because hell, there were only two of them and Meg White doesn't really engage the audience much. A few songs in hooked me on the Stripes brand of **Sabbath**-esque guitars mixed with blues, garage rock and punk; often in the same song. Jack White controlled the stage, playing guitar between multiple mics and keyboards like he was filling the space of invisible band members. Indeed, his use of low-end rhythm and anthemic guitars was like watching a one-man band.

Meg's often automaton-like drumming is criticized by some but it makes the Stripes' simple hook-heavy songs complete. Likewise, her vocals were not strong and often difficult to discern, but this seemed to fit in with her childlike persona that complements rather than contends with Jack's musicianship. Any criticism of Meg was easily forgotten by witnessing Jack's true talent. No guitar kicks or splits were attempted by Jack but all in the room seemed to be in agreement, judging by the their screams and head sways, that Jack was a showman. Not a weak song in the hour and a half set, and "We're going to be friends" sounded even better live than on plastic or vinyl.

Seeing the Stripes live drives home why the Brits covet them so. The Detroit rock legacy is obviously not over.

Rbot

ANDREW WK
Monday, June 10
Richard's on Richards

Andrew WK likes to party. I, also, have a mild affinity for the party. Thus, I thought that Andrew and I could share a rousing good time on a pleasent Spring eve. Now listen carefully. I don't care that this is music that you might hear at a varsity basketball teams after-party. I don't care what any scenester says to you about the "camp" value of party rock. I don't care about the postmodern irony that some people see as implicit in this "art." Andrew WK puts more energy into a show than an excited terrier puts into your left leg. He loves it. I loved it. You will love it.

Dave Gaertner

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www.citr.ca

MEDITERRANEAN HOMECOOKIN' • DRINKS • LIVE MUSIC

Thursday, July 4	Jon Wood / Steve Wright
Friday, July 5	Audio-lava / Liquorice Sea
Saturday, July 6	Sweet Papa Lowdown
Thursday, July 11	Chris Storrow
Friday, July 12	Jonny Wisdom w/guests
Saturday, July 13	Herald Nix / Boomchix
Tuesday, July 16	(from Calgary!) Aaron Booth / Adam Fiore / Dave Gowans
Thursday, July 18	TBA
Friday, July 19	Nicole Steen / Bottleneck
Saturday, July 20	(from Victoria!) The Swingin' Bachelors
Sunday, July 21	(from New Brunswick!) Yodelling wonder! Petunia
Thursday, July 25	Julie Saunders and the Manhandlers
Friday, July 26	El Dorado / Ana Bon Bon / Automatic Folk
Saturday, July 27	(from Victoria!) David P. Smith w/Scott Henderson

For booking info contact Amy Honey: amyhunnie@hotmail.com

THE MAIN 4210 MAIN ST. @ 26TH V5Y 2A6 604. 709. 8555

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charts

what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm

July Long Vinyl

1	DJ SHADOW	Private Press	MCA
2	SONIC YOUTH	Murray Street	DGC
3	THE CINCH	EP	Stutter
4	MIMOSA	Bucolique	Independent
5	DEADCATS	Bad Pussy	FlyingSaucer
6	AKUFEN	My Way	Force Inc.
7	TIJUANA BIBLES	Custom Made	Tear it Up
8	HERBALISER	Something Wicked...	Ninja Tune
9	THREE INCHES OF BLOOD	Battlecry Under...	Teenage Rampage
10	SPARROW	S/T	Independent
11	NASHVILLE PUSSY	Say Something Nasty	Artemis
12	NOFX	45 Or 46 Songs...	Fat
13	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Field and Streams	Kill Rock Stars
14	MOBY	18	V2
15	ROCKETS RED GLARE	Rockets Red Glare	Sickroom
16	SPITFIRES	Three	Longshot
17	TOM WAITS	Blood Money	Anti
18	HARD RUBBER ORCHESTRA	Rub Harder	Victo
19	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Verve Remixed	Verve
20	BEACHWOOD SPARKS	Make The Cowboy...	Sub Pop
21	WHITE STRIPES	White Blood Cells	V2
22	ARCHER PREWITT	Three	Thrill Jockey
23	URSULA 1000	Kinda Kinky	ESL
24	FUCKING CHAMPS	V	Drag City
25	EL-P	Fantastic Damage	Definative Jux
26	MICE PARADE	All Roads Lead...	Bubblecore
27	DOVES	Last Broadcast	Capitol
28	DAVID GRUBBS	Rickets And Scurvy	Drag City
29	CAROLYN MARK &...	Terrible Hostess	Mint
30	INTERPOL	Interpol	Matador
31	GUIDED BY VOICES	Universal Truths and Cycles	Matador
32	YOUNG AND SEXY	Stand Up For Your Mother	Mint
33	SOUNDTRACK	CQ	Emperor Norton
34	BRATMOBILE	Girls Get Busy	Lookout!
35	CATO SALSA EXPERIENCE	A Good Tip...	Emperor Norton

July Short Vinyl

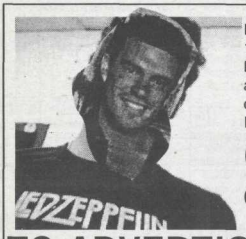
1	RIFF RANDALLS	How 'Bout Romance	Lipstick
2	THE CLEATS	Save Yourself	Longshot
3	THE ORGAN	We've Got to Meet	Genius
4	STEREO/ULTIMATE	Split	Popkid
5	THE SPITFIRES	Juke Box High	Glazed
6	THE LOLLIES	Channel Heaven	Evil World
7	THE RIFFS	Such A Bore	TKO
8	TIJUANA BIBLES	Mexican Courage	Trophy
9	CATO SALSA...	Picture Disc	Emperor Norton
10	DESTROYER	The Music Lovers	Sub Pop
11	MEA CULPA	Corporate Nation	Empty
12	SONGS:OHIA	The Gray Tower	SC
13	MIRAH	Small Sale	MRRC
14	EVAPORATORS	Honk the Horn	Nardwuar
15	BOTTLES & SKULLS	I Am One...	TKO
16	MATTHEW	Stars	Numero
17	SCATRAG BOOSTERS	Side Tracked Zaxxon Virile Action	
18	THE AGENDA	Are You Nervous?	Kindercore
19	VARIOUS ARTISTS	...Presents	Modern Radio
20	GET HUSTLE	Who do You Love	Gravity

July Indie Home Jobs

1	SHARP TEETH	Burn Return
2	HEXTALLS	I'm Sick of You
3	RED SCARE	Try to Give Up
4	BYRONIC HEROES	I'm a Drunk
5	BEND SINISTER	Untitled
6	MR. PLOW	Tofu Girl
7	AMARILLO STARS	You've Seen this Before
8	ACCIDENT	Perestroika
9	ETHER'S VOID	In Stereo
10	WINKS	Aprin Fell
11	BILLY THE KID AND THE LOST BOYS	This One's For You
12	ROADBED	JB Fool
13	THE DEPARTMENT	Be Your Friend
14	TOO HECTIC	As You Were
15	SARAH WHEELER	Sweet to Me
16	GROOVY GALS	Trash Rap
17	SIX BLOCK RADIUS	Kill To Hide
18	RYAN EUGENE	Instead I Sing
19	WHISKEY SOUR NOTES	Discomatic
20	DR. PONY	Snapshot

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "July" charts reflect airplay over June). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •



Hi. My name's Steve. I'm 27 years old, 5'11 1/2" with black hair and brown eyes. I enjoy listening to Led Zeppelin, Mott the Hoople, and Metallica. I love eating cured meats, especially the pork variety. If it sounds like you and I have something in common, call me at

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your guide to CiTR 101.9fm

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-10:00PM *RhythmsIndia* features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your host Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

TRANCENDANCE 12:00-2:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.
<trancendance@hotmail.com>
(on hiatus for the summer, will return in August)

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM
DJ Hancunt wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM
Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM
Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Original rude gals, skanksters, bad boys, big men, and singjays. Join Selector Krystabelle for raw roots, dub-fi dub and some heavy dancehall sounds.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

July 1: Canadian jazz takes the spotlight tonight with pianist/composer Paul Tobey along with tenor Mike Murley, bassist Jim Vivian and one of the best drummers in the world Terry Clarke.

July 8: Part one of an unbelieveably intense concert in Paris by Art Blakey's favourite editon of his Jazz Messengers... Lee Morgan (trumpet), Wayne Shorter (tenor), Bobby Timmons (piano) and workhorse bassist Jymie Merritt.

July 15: Part two of Blakey in Paris.

July 22: Tenor saxophone giant Lester Young... the "President" is joined by pianist Oscar Peterson and his trio.

July 29: Pianist/composer/innovator Carla Bley and her big band in an amazing live set called "Fleur Carnivore."

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!
<borninsixtynine@hotmail.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

FILL-IN alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

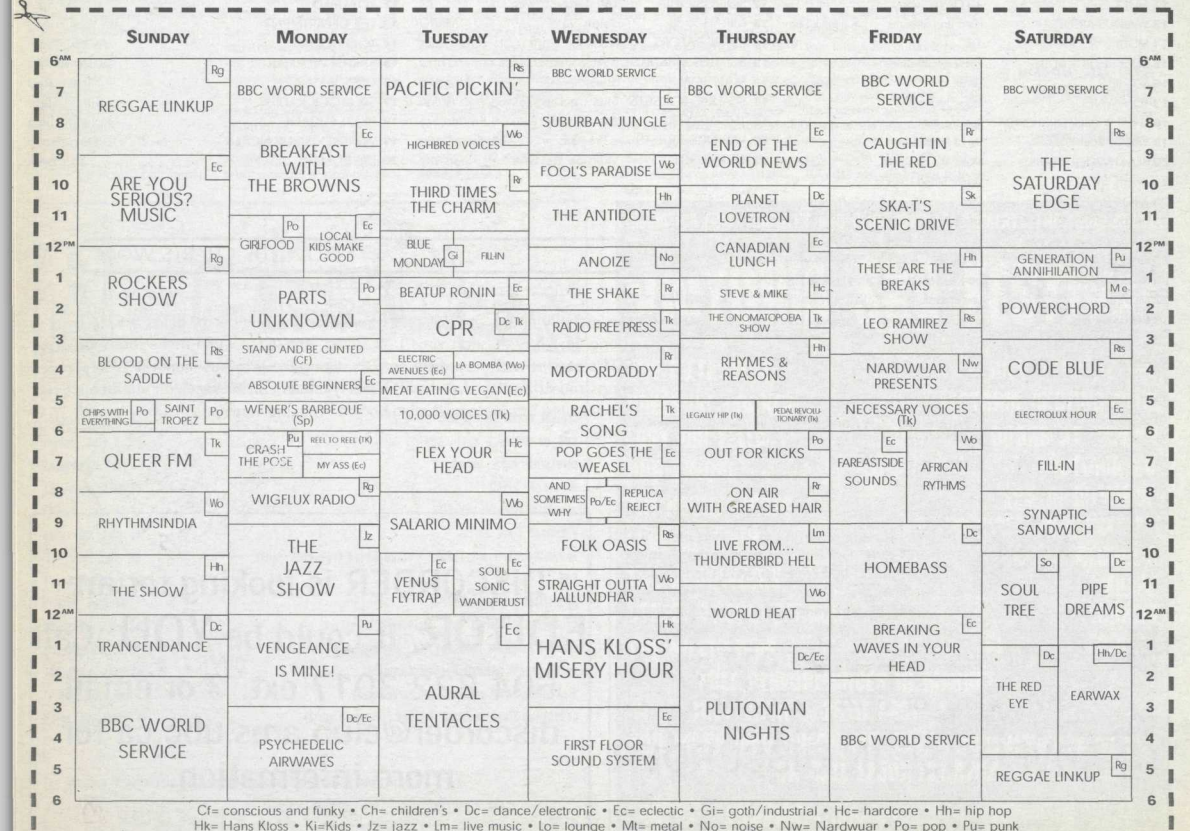
BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM Where dead samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:30PM
Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

LA BOMBA (First three Tuesdays of every month) 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN



Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk = ska •So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

4:30-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. http://flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com/

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM <loveden@hotmail.com>

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt.10:00PM-12:00AM Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brookyln and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <sswanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@chan-nel88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.necessaryvoices.org.

Beginning June 7th, tune in Fridays at 5PM for the Necessary Voices Lecture Series.

July 3: Greg Palast: "The Best Democracy Money Can Buy." Award winning BBC reporter explores the truth about the Bush Cartel.

July 10: Monica Townshend: "Pensions Under Attack." Ms. Townshend works in the field of economic social policy.

July 17: Margaret Somerville is the Samuel Gale Professor of Law and the founding director of the McGill Centre for Medicine, Ethics, and Law.

July 24: Kumi Naidoo—Secretary General and CEO of Civicus World Alliance for Citizen Participation. Also Craig Kielburger, founder of Free the Children, the world's largest network of children helping children.

July 31: Jan Gehl—"Winning Back Public Space." Dr. Gehl is the head of the Dept. of Urban Design in Copenhagen.

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage! <folkoasis@canada.com>

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by *Chocolate Thunder*; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanship.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velorution! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainability.com/djnos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. <ripitup55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. http://www.stepandahalf.com/tbirdhell

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitchc with guest DJs and performers. http://plutonia.org

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to <djska_t@hotmail.com>.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

NECESSARY VOICES LECTURE SERIES 5:00-6:00PM

July 5: John Robbins, author of *The Food Revolution* and *Diet for a New America*.

July 12: Sherri Torjman, Vice President of the Caledon Institute of Social Policy speaks on "How Can Citizens Build Caring Communities?"

July 19: Dr. Vandana Shiva on Biotechnology and Jaundice Rice.

July 28: Dr. Patricia Baird—Possible regulations for human cloning and stem cell use in Canada.

August 2: Anuradha Vittachi, director of One World International Foundation, speaks on the importance of the internet in the global justice movement.

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 4:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNILIHILATION 12:00-1:00PM Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

FILL-IN 6:00-8:00PM

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 8:00-10:00PM

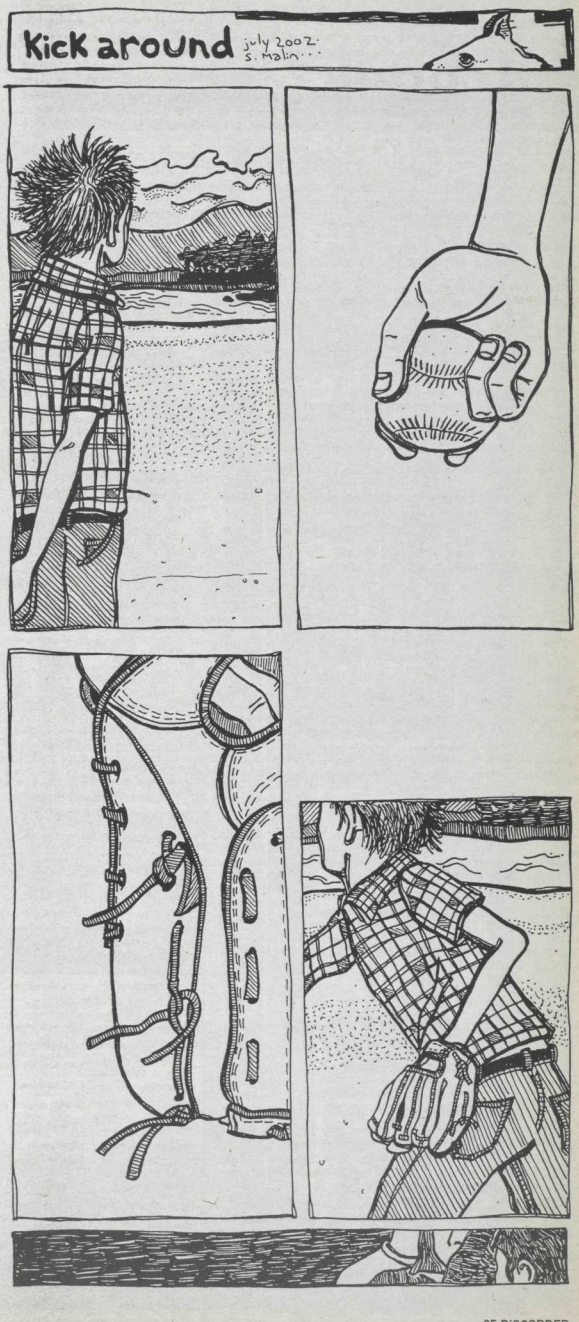
SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. —Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.



datebook

what's happening in July

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE JULY ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS JULY 29. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRI JUNE 28

Freeflow, Rye Catchers, Deluxe@Brickyard; Spreadeagle, STREETS@Pic; Alpha Yaya Diallo@Jazzfest; Paul Brandt@Malkin Bowl; The Walkmen, 764-HERO@Richard's

SAT JUNE 29

Speed to Kill, Crystal Pistol, Martin@Brickyard; The Widows, New Town Animals, The First Day@Cobalt; Vinicius Cantuaria@Commodore

SUN JUNE 30

Oscar Lopez@Vogue; WC Clark@Jazzfest

MON JULY 1

CITR PRESENTS TINY, KING OF FESTIVALS: THE METIC, THE BUILDING PRESS, WADSWORTH@MS. T'S CABARET; *Butter* magazine benefit@Sugar Refinery

TUES JULY 2

CITR PRESENTS TINY, KING OF FESTIVALS: TRAIL VS. RUSSIA, LAST OF THE JUANITAS@MS. T'S CABARET; *Dickin' Around*@Blinding Light!!; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WEDS JULY 3

CITR PRESENTS TINY, KING OF FESTIVALS: BURQUITLAM PLAZA, JAY DOUILLARD, JON-RAE FLETCHER@MS. T'S CABARET; Stagreels, Circle the Wagon, Ghost Town Drive@Brickyard; Extreme Elvis, Puck@Cobalt; ICTV Presents Community Video discussion@Blinding Light!!; Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery; Master T's Reggae Vibes@Sonar

THURS JULY 4

CITR PRESENTS TINY, KING OF FESTIVALS: THE BLACKLIST AND GUESTS@MS. T'S CABARET; John Guliak and the Lougan Brothers, the Fixin's, Tolan McNeil and the Governors of Giv'Ner@Railway Club; Jon Wood, Steve Wright@The Main; *The Fantastic Planet*@Blinding Light!!; A/V Lodge@Sugar Refinery; Soundproof@Sonar; Alejandro Escovdo@Richard's

FRI JULY 5

CITR PRESENTS TINY, KING OF FESTIVALS: VOLTA DO MAR, 31 KNOTS, RADIO BERLIN@MS. T'S CABARET; CITR PRESENTS NASTY ON, NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND, BLACK RICE, DJ SALINGER@THE PIC; Carolyn Mark and the Room-mates, Neville Quinlan@Railway Club; Audio-Lava, Liquorice Sea@The Main; DJ Maximillion, Big Bottom@Brickyard; *D.I.Y. Or Die: How To Survive As An Independent Artist*@Blinding Light!!; Kelly Churko 5@Sugar Refinery; Grandmaster Flash@Sonar; Joel RL Phelps and the Downer Trio, Treasure State, Pop Star Assassins@I-Spy (Seattle)

SAT JULY 6

CITR PRESENTS TINY, KING OF FESTIVALS: VERMILION, VIDEO TOKYO@MS. T'S CABARET; Carolyn Mark and the Room-mates, Bob Kemmis@Railway Club; Sweet Papa Lowdown@The Main; Thomas Mapfumo@Ballard Firehouse (Seattle); *D.I.Y. Or Die: How To Survive As An Independent Artist*@Blinding Light!!; Jazzmatic@Sugar Refinery

SUN JULY 7

Brian Springer's *Spin*@Blinding Light!!; Technics DMC 2002 Vancouver Eliminations@Sonar (all-ages!); Bruce Cockburn, Ron Sexsmith@Malkin Bowl; Brand New Sin, Fu Manchu, Speedealer@Richard's

MON JULY 8

Goldie, Doc Scott, Mc Rage@Sonar

TUES JULY 9

Jem Cohen's *Amber City* and *Blood Orange Sky*@Blinding Light!!; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WEDS JULY 10

Junction18@Cobalt; Jem Cohen's *Amber City* and *Blood Orange Sky*@Blinding Light!!; Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery; Ed Harcourt, Neil Finn@Vogue

THURS JULY 11

Chris Storrow@The Main; Eye of Newt play live to *Battleship Potemkin*@Blinding Light!!; JP Carter@Sugar Refinery

FRI JULY 12

Johnny Wisdom@The Main; Noriko Tujiko, Mimi's Ami@Sugar Refinery; *Unspoken Territory*@Blinding Light!!

SAT JULY 13

Herald Nix, Boomchix@The Main; *Spatial Poetics: Redefining the Reading*@Blinding Light!! ; Golden Wedding Band@Sugar Refinery; Bleu, Puffy Ami Yumi@Richard's

SUN JULY 14

Friends Forever@Blinding Light!!; Aaron Booth, Morgan McDonald@Sugar Refinery

MON JULY 15

Submission Hold, Che: Chapter 127, Hiretsukan@Video In; Deep Dish@Sonar

TUES JULY 16

Aaron Booth, Adam Fiore, Dave Gowans@The Main; From the Vaults@Blinding Light!!; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery; Baby Blue Sound Crew@Sonar; Proclaimers@Richard's; Kelly Joe Phelps@Folk Fest

WEDS JULY 17

Rockaction! 2@Blinding Light!!; Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery; Robin Black and the Intergalactic Rock Stars@Richard's; Kelly Joe Phelps, Zubot and Dawson@Folk Fest

THURS JULY 18

BYO8@Blinding Light!!; A/V Lodge@Sugar Refinery; Dirty 2@Sonar; People Under the Stairs, J-Live, Ugly Duckling@Purple Onion

FRI JULY 19

Vans Warped Tour 2002@Thunderbird Stadium; Nicole Steen, Bottleneck@The Main; *Vice Magazine* presents TV Carnage@Blinding Light!!; JP Carter Group@Sugar Refinery; Honky, Nashville Pussy, Reverend Horton Heat@Commodore; Dan Bern, Karen Savoca, Linda Tillery@Folk Fest

SAT JULY 20

The Swingin' Bachelors@The Main; *Vice Magazine* presents TV Carnage@Blinding Light!!; Jonathan Inc., Parks & Rec@Sugar Refinery; Las Venus@Sonar; Folk Fest@Jericho Park

SUN JULY 21

Yodelling Wonder! Petunia@The Main; *Vice Magazine* presents TV Carnage@Blinding Light!!; Funkshun@Sugar Refinery; American Analog Set, Her Space Holiday@Pic

MON JULY 22

Little Wings@Sugar Refinery; Danny Howells@Sonar

TUES JULY 23

Serbia's Lo-Fi Video@Blinding Light!!; Sarah Slean@Arts Club Revue Theatre; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WEDS JULY 24

Serbia's Lo-Fi Video@Blinding Light!!; Jim White, Alone With Machines@Railway Club; Rot Purdy, Anne Louise Genest@Sugar Refinery

THURS JULY 25

CITR PRESENTS THE FIREBALL FREAKOUT: SHAKE CITY, NASTY ON, THE BLACK KEYS, BILLY THE KID AND THE LOST BOYS@PICCADILLY; Julie Saunders and the Manhandlers@The Main; Red Light Sting, Goats Blood, The Organ, The Winks@Video In; Flicks By Flick@Blinding Light!!; Nathan@Sugar Refinery

FRI JULY 26

CITR PRESENTS THE FIREBALL FREAKOUT: IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS, SHIKASTA, THE DTS, THE GUNG HOS@PICCADILLY; El Dorado, Ana Bon Bon, Automatic Folk@The Main; Lucky Bum Weekend@Blinding Light!!; Colorifics@Sugar Refinery

SAT JULY 27

CITR PRESENTS THE FIREBALL FREAKOUT: JOHN FORD, LAST OF THE V8s, GLORY HOLES, QUINCY GOLD@PICCADILLY; David P. Smith, Scott Henderson@The Main; Burnaby Blues Festival@Deer Lake Park; Lucky Bum Weekend@Blinding Light!!; Ana Bon Bon@Sugar Refinery

SUN JULY 28

Revenge of the Multiplex Grand@Blinding Light!!; Amy Honey and the Top Bottoms@Sugar Refinery

MON JULY 29

Alun Piggins and the Quitters@Sugar Refinery

TUES JULY 30

Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WEDS JULY 31

Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery

THURS AUG 1

DJ Spooky@Sonar

special events

NORIKO TUJIKO

Mego Records' artist Tujiko will be performing two shows in Vancouver: the first at the Sugar Refinery on July 12, the second Saturday July 13 as a part of Spatial Poetics: Redefining the Reading at the Blinding Light!! For more info, call the Powell Street Festival at 604.739.9388.

NASTY ON

CiTR Presents the release of City Sick, Nasty On's new CD, on Friday June 5 at the Piccadilly Pub. Also on the bill are Notes from Underground, Black Rice, and DJ Salinger. Tickets at the door.

CINEMUERTE

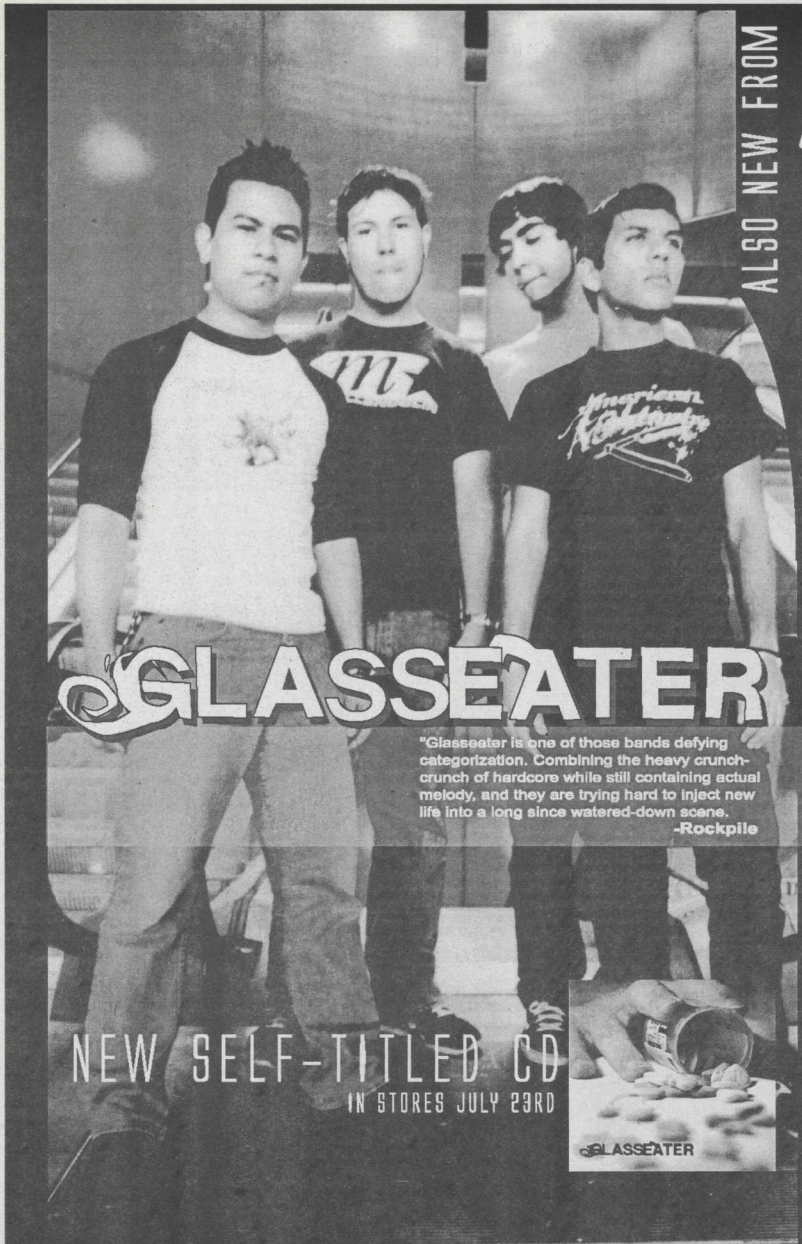
Vancouver's own International Horror Film Festival runs July 4-13 at the Pacific Cinematheque. Tickets are $6 per individual showing (plus Cinematheque membership) or $60 including membership for a complete festival pass. For more information, pick up their flyer around town or go visit www.cinemuerte.com

FIREBALL FREAKOUT

Fireball Productions and CiTR 101.9 FM present another installation of the Fireball Freakout, a three-day fest of rock 'n' roll at the Piccadilly Pub July 25, 26, and 27. Bands on the bill include the Immortal Lee County Killers, John Ford, Shake City, Nasty On, Shikasta, Last of the V8s, Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys... get ready to FREAK OUT.

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734	pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344	pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
blinding light!! cinema	36 powell	604.878.3366	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
chan centre	6265 crescent	604.822.9197	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
club 23	23 west cordova		scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
crosstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsmuir	604.665.3050
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
lotus hotel	455 abbott		western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
orpheum theatre	smithe at seymour	604.665.3050	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232



GLASSEATER

"Glasseater is one of those bands defying categorization. Combining the heavy crunch-crunch of hardcore while still containing actual melody, and they are trying hard to inject new life into a long since watered-down scene."
-Rockpile

NEW SELF-TITLED CD
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Zulu's Sonic Sketchbook

SONIC YOUTH
Murray Street
CD/LP

The electric guitar only got boring for people who were already THERE. Still, no need to worry about acoustic guitars, synth washes, or orchestral maneuvers – the Yoof are joined once again by **Jim O'Rourke**, who gets recording, mixing and songwriting credits throughout, to deliver seven brand new tracks of angular jams, sound-shapes, and head washing whirlpools of noise. Uh-huh, the focus is back on the riff – the spun together sound everyone's been waiting to love again. Highlights include, Thurston's return to the mic on '**The Empty Page**' and '**Radical Adults...**', as well as the epic jam, '**Sympathy For The Strawberry**'! **SONIC YOUTH** are cool again.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH's
s/t CD/LP

Well then, you have to admire a group that guarantee to replace any broken **YEAH, YEAH, YEAH'S** pin or badge. No other rock and roll group puts their goods under warranty. You get the sense that **YYYs** want things to last, to be durable, to hold together like an enduring statement. There's been a rash of white-belt rock recently (**The Hives, Noise Conspiracy, White Stripes**), and you have to admit, some of that stuff is pretty good. But the **YYYs** are easily the best! Don't join the Yahoo chat group for proof! **AVAILABLE JULY 9TH**

CD 14.98 LP 14.98

PEACE ORCHESTRA
Reset CD

Vienna, oh Vienna – so much to answer for! Together, DJ's **Peter Kruder** and **Richard Dorfmeister** have put Vienna, and the G-Stone Recordings label, on the map! With their trademark mellow sound and deep dub-plate bass, set to hypnotic downbeat tracks, the duo own the Lonely Planet guide to European grooves. They've also authored the impressive K7 studio series, **DJ Kicks** (see **Playgroup**'s latest!), as well as formed the splinter groups **Tosca** and, that's right, **PEACE ORCHESTRA**. **RESET** is a reworking of **Kruder**'s seminal solo debut, featuring **Truby Trio, Beanfield, Soul Patrol, Kosma, Zero dB**, and more!

CD 19.98

GUIDED BY VOICES
Universal Truths and Cycles
CD/LP

Back into the loving arms of Matador after a short paid vacation, **GBV** shoot out the stars with this, their 13th full-length! Yeah, we know, you've heard it all before, but you haven't, as all true fans will soon attest. Once again, **Bob Pollard** and, ex-**Cobra Verde** axeman, **Doug Gillard** have struck oil on this sun-burnt collection of sparkling scrapes and kisses. Sticky and sweet, like the best of most things, this'll compliment any event worth your time, or otherwise, during this fine, fine season. Get it and get on.

CD 19.98 LP 19.98

CAROLYN MARK
Terrible Hostess CD
12.98

Victoria's queen of the roots/country scene knocks things up a rung or two (or ten) with this, her first studio album and follow-up to the acclaimed **Party Girl**. With her real-life room-mates **Tolan** and **Garth** providing backup as usual, **TERRIBLE HOSTESS** captures **Carolyn**'s infectious approach to music: part folk singer, part nightclub comic, part storyteller.

CD 12.98

THE WALKMEN
Everyone Who Pretended To Like Me Is Gone CD

Everyone wants to give you a tip in Lobster City, a line on a good gig or a decent bite. You know, 'Watch out for the crabs of such and such square." But you know better than that. You're down with the urchins on the sea floor, where the real bad boy scene floats along the boulevards. The latest Manhattan urchins to make a name for themselves are **THE WALKMEN**. Featuring ex-members of **Jonathan Fire*Eater**, their sound builds upon a post-punk foundation, veering towards early 80s no-wave experimentalism. Reference points include **Eno**'s pop, **Joy Division**'s spare, driving beat, and perhaps **U2**, circa **The Edge**'s prime. This is easily one of the sleeper hits of 2002! Now that you have the record, what are you going to do with it?

CD 19.98

THE RUSSIAN FUTURISTS
Let's Get Ready To Crumble CD

Really, who were the **RUSSIAN FUTURISTS**? Rudely, my cat, Rodchenko, will not tell me – he is tight lipped! I have searched. I have even been to old Moscow, turning the streets with real purpose – but no luck. Hmmm, who are the **RUSSIAN FUTURISTS**? I have discovered this much in my work: one is **Matthew Hart**, but he never tied a paintbrush to a donkey's tail. No, he wrote the book of transnational pop, and included some footnotes, referencing the likes of **Magnetic Fields**, **Brian Wilson** and **Scott Walker**! Aha, pop music: Rodchenko will wag his tail faithfully along, as will you!

CD 14.98

TIM HECKER
My Love Is Rotten To The Core CD

Quickly making a name – or, as **Jetone**, two – for himself, **TIM HECKER**'s latest recording for Substractif promises to plunder 80s rock in a way that **Fennesz** would admire. Well, our interest is piqued. Perhaps, we imagine, this is in homage to his own teenage past, spent, like ours, getting high in musty suburban basements, listening to FM rock radio top ten countdowns. Hey dude, we relate. But even more, there seems something universally hardwired into this summer that's inspiring many to look back wistfully at the 80s. And hell, why not? A little nostalgia can be a marvelous thing – redemptive, even. As with **HECKER**'s "rotten love," however, nostalgia is much better when it's updated, mediated through the bustling present, not reified like a charade. So, laptop fan, score a dime bag, abscond to the basement, and let the good times roll. **AVAILABLE JULY 5TH**

CD 14.98

PIXIES
The Purple Tape CD

Here they are: the legendary, rarely heard (except in reverent whispers) early recordings of the band that changed your life. Back when **Black** was his first name, **Mrs. John Murphy** was heading straight to practice after work as a secretary, **Santiago** was re-inventing the guitar solo, and **Lovering** was casting spells with a couple of sticks instead of a magic wand. Nine songs that didn't see the light of day on the '**Come On Pilgrim**' EP finally make themselves available to you. After all, aren't the **PIXIES** the reason you can be proud of your record collection today? **AVAILABLE JULY 9TH**

CD 14.98

VINCENT GALLO
Recordings of Music for Film
CD/LP

The year is 1979, a boy is banished from the streets of Buffalo for the crime of not resigning, not giving in, and not capitulating to the chorus of boredom. Hey, it wasn't Verona, but this Romeo was star-crossed just the same, jinxed with talent, dating the lofty concept of success. So, New York took him in, let him run, and he kicked back: film music, visual art, acting – all the Mudd Club hustle! Now, odd years later, we have the complete picture: **VINCENT**'s seminal recordings. Including the **John Lurie** and **Jean Michel Basquiat** – Downtown '81 era – the Way It Is indie score, and of course the already classic **Buffalo 66** notations! This isn't for everyone – but what is?

CD 19.98 LP 19.98

NASTY ON
CitySick CD

Hands up for the muggy season! Here's to brownouts, to hot street mischief, and to the omnipresent cruelty of this **CitySick** sun! The **NASTY ON** return with a debut full length, following up on the beautifully iniquitous charms of their hard rocking **Lester Bangs** EP! Featuring 10 songs about exile, fate, and the wounds of kingship, it turns out your vouchers are good for abolition, gutter finality, and hot rocks for this heat wave flare up. **AVAILABLE JULY 2ND**

CD 12.98

PLAYGROUP
DJ Kicks CD

It took forever to crimp our hair in the bathroom, the iron's cord held together with black tape. Adding more hairspray, my best friend said, "This is totally a 'fashion do'." Laughing, I said, "No duh," and put on my white boots. And we were right – we looked hot and rad! It was definitely worth it, even if we were already late. But it didn't matter, our friends were hanging downstairs, drinking Colt 45, reading Sleaze Nation, listening to the new **Playgroup DJ Kicks** CD – which rocks, with cool songs by **Material, Human League, The Rapture, Flying Lizards, KC Flightt, Smith n' Hack**, and more. Finally ready, we showed off our stuff, which everyone loved, then headed downtown in search of more fun.

CD 19.98

More Doodlings!

ANTIPOP CONSORTIUM- Ghostlawns CDEP/12"
WIRE- Read and Burn 01 CD
GOGOGO AIRHEART- Exitheuxa CD
LONE PIGEON- Concubine Rice CD (ex-Beta Band member)
SLEATER KINNEY- One Beat CD/LP
YELLOW KITCHEN- Random Elements CD (the new Rainjacket group!)
JAGAJAZZIST- A Livingroom Hush CD (post-music from Norway)
PERE UBU- Song of the Bailing Man LP reissue
SPOON- A series of sneaks CD reissue
PREFUSE 73- The 92 Vs 02 Collection 12"
LUKE VIBERT- Homewerk 12"
THE RAPTURE- House of Jealous Lovers 12"
SAVATH + SAVALAS- The Rolls And Waves 10"/CDEP

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL JULY 31, 2002

MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON:
Sunday June 30th at 4PM: ROB MAZUREK
Sunday July 21rd at 4PM: THE CINCH
Crazy rhythms delivered live for your approval by this hot local rock 'n' roll quintet.
Sunday July 30th at 4PM: THE SPARROW
Charms, Delight, and Enchantment – the new rites conducted by Jason Zumpano (Zumpano, Destroyer, The Blue Lodge) and his birds.

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Sun	12:00–6:00